

# AMAZING ADVENTURES

5

OCT-NOV 1951

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THRILLING SCIENCE-FICTION TALES!

# AMAZING

## ADVENTURES



10c

No. 5

OCT.-NOV.

What was  
**The SECRET of the  
CRATER-MEN?**

A Captain Hawkins' Story  
**MISSION to MALOOKA!**



Hideous Death in  
**The RED HILLS of UGANDA**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





Radio's Super-Special  
**HARMONICA STAR**  
Cowboy JAY TURNER who  
teaches harmonica like he  
plays it—but GOOD! That's  
why thousands of fellers say  
—"Play with Jay and you  
really play!"

# Play *Red Hot* HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP  
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!**



**AT LAST**, a way to get hep to  
being a real harmonica maestro  
in a few **FAST MINUTES!**

Leave it to Big Jay to dope out  
a sensational new "SLIDING  
NOTE FINDER" Harmonica  
that picks out your notes . . . adds  
your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but  
blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and  
how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!  
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



**Play For Dancing**



**They'll Sing With You**

Only

**\$1**

**A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!**

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun  
is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting  
Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the  
gang gather when you swing those cowboy  
favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as  
you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh!  
Susanna!" And will you have to beat it *fast*  
to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at  
dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and  
gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?  
Nobody else but *you!*

**A CINCH — WITH JAY'S  
"SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"**

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or  
hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'  
jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**

**Star At Outings**

*actually picks out the right notes for you* as it slides back and forth  
over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to  
blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you  
use just **ONE SINGLE** opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE  
FINDER**. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic,  
the **NOTE FINDER** *automatically adds the right chords*—and  
you're making like a real radio professional!

**GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!**

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this  
never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing  
actual tunes, just shoot back the **MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**,  
and you get your dollar back at once! **HURRY**, this may be your last chance!

**RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!**

**JAY TURNER, Dept. ZD89, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**

**OKAY, JAY!** I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my **MAGIC "SLIDING  
NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**, plus **FREE SPEED COURSE**  
and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,  
I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please Print Plainly

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**LOOK! FREE!**

**JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE  
SPEED COURSE!**

**YOU LEARN LATEST  
RHYTHM ROPES**  
whizzing through Jay's  
exciting Speed Course!

You don't even have to  
read a note of music. You just whiz along  
with plain-as-plain **PICTURE** directions.  
Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're *whizzing*  
through harmonica music that makes  
super-swell listening. Speed Course gives  
you music, words and "works" for 38 of  
your all-time favorites like—Yankee  
Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Dar-  
ling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home  
Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin'  
Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—  
and 30 MORE!



**Plus FREE DOPE ON  
HARMONICA TRICKS!**

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare  
all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost  
Noises"? It's **EASY** with Jay wising you  
up on these and lots more *professional*  
harmonica tricks!

**SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!**

**JAY TURNER, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**

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# MISSION TO MALOOKA

ON THE OUTER FRINGE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM A CHAIN OF LONELY PLANETOIDS STRETCHES ACROSS SPACE. THESE ARE THE **PERIMETER** PLANETS... LITERALLY THE "OUTERMOST" ONES. NOTED FOR THEIR FIERCE INHABITANTS AND BARREN TERRAIN, THESE HUNDREDS OF TINY PLANETS ARE GUIDED BY A HANDFUL OF ROCKET SHIPS AND THE BRAVE MEN OF THE **PERIMETER PATROL**. ON **RONDOS**, BASE OF OPERATIONS PLANETOID FOR THE PATROL, SHIP COMMANDER **MARTIN HAWKINS** IS BEING REPRIMANDED BY THE COMMANDANT, CENTURIAN **LUTHER MYNOT**...



YOUR SERVICE RECORD IS ABOVE REPROACH, HAWKINS, BUT I DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU ARE AWARE OF THAT.

YES, SIR. YOU'VE BEEN AFTER ME EVER SINCE I CAME OUT HERE FROM EARTH. BUT WHY?

LET'S BE FRANK, CAPTAIN. I SERVED UNDER YOUR FATHER, COLONEL HAWKINS, IN THE OLD MOON SQUADRON... UNTIL HE WAS KILLED BY THE MARTIANS. HE RODE ME UNMERCIFULLY.

I SEE... AND YOU'RE TAKING IT OUT ON ME.

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS, CAPTAIN. BUT KEEP THIS IN MIND... **ONE SLIP** ANYWHERE ALONG THE LINE HERE, AND YOU CAN EXPECT THE WORST FROM ME.

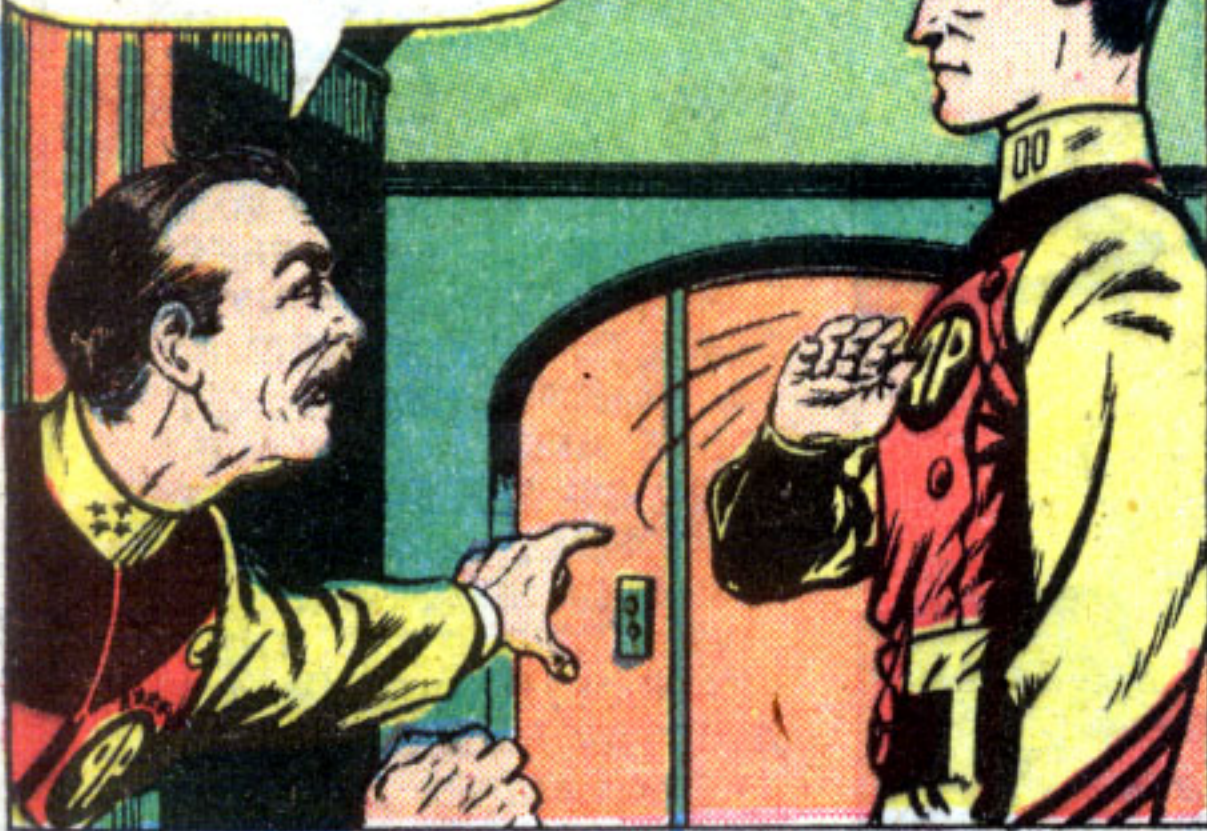
SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, CENTURIAN. A PITY SUCH A GREAT SERVICE LIKE THE PERIMETER PATROL HAS TO SUFFER FROM PERSONAL PREJUDICE.





THAT'S ENOUGH, HAWKINS!  
I WILL JUDGE YOU...  
NOT YOU ME! YOU  
HAVE YOUR ORDERS  
FOR YOUR NEXT  
PATROL? DISMISSED!

VERY WELL,  
SIR.



SPACE LIEUTENANT  
GROLL MYNOT  
REPORTING, SIR.  
I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED  
TO YOUR SHIP.

SO THE CENTURION  
IS SENDING HIS KID  
ALONG TO KEEP  
AN EYE ON ME!

VERY WELL, LIEUTENANT.  
REPORT TO THE  
BRIDGE.



THAT NIGHT, OUT IN SPACE...

SO THIS IS YOUR FIRST  
PATROL, EH, MYNOT?  
YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE  
UNDER CAPTAIN HAWKINS.  
HE'S THE BEST  
COMMANDER IN THE  
WHOLE SERVICE.

YEAH? WELL, I  
HEARD DIFFERENT.  
I THINK... I... GOSH  
... I DON'T FEEL  
SO HOT...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER ABOARD HIS SHIP  
PENUMBRA...

OLD CENTURION MYNOT  
IS REALLY OUT TO BREAK  
ME... JUST TO GET REVENGE  
AGAINST FATHER. I BETTER  
WATCH MY STEP.



OUR PATROL COURSE WILL COVER  
THE PLANETOIDS MENOS, PAKO, AND  
GYKOS. THERE IS AN EXPERIMENTAL  
HYDROPONIC STATION ON GYKOS...  
WE HAVE TO CHECK AND MAKE SURE  
THE NATIVES AREN'T GIVING OUR  
SCIENTISTS THERE ANY TROUBLE.

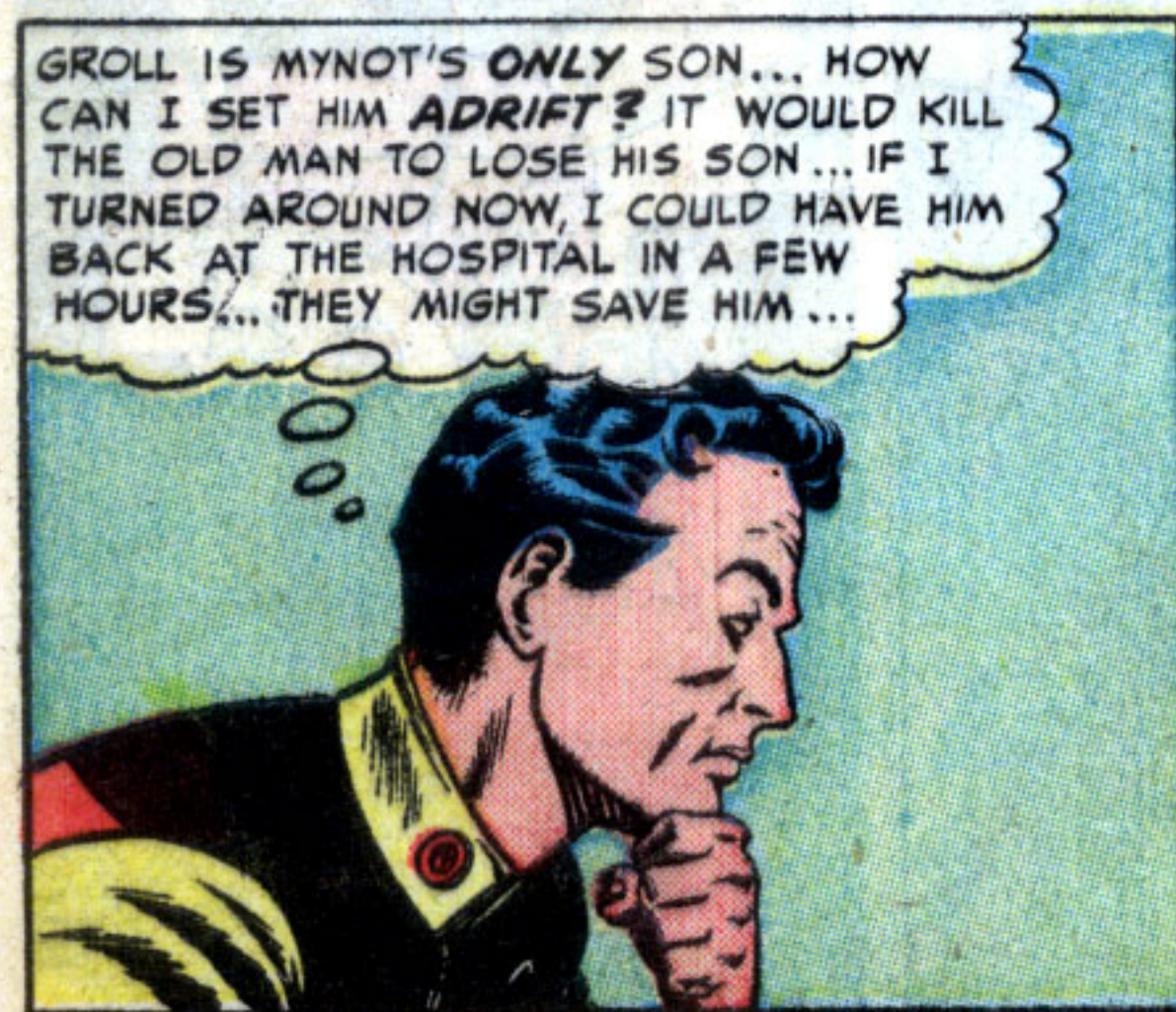


OHhhh... MY HEAD...  
IT'S BUZZING... I  
FEEL SO FUNNY...

HEY, WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
YOU?







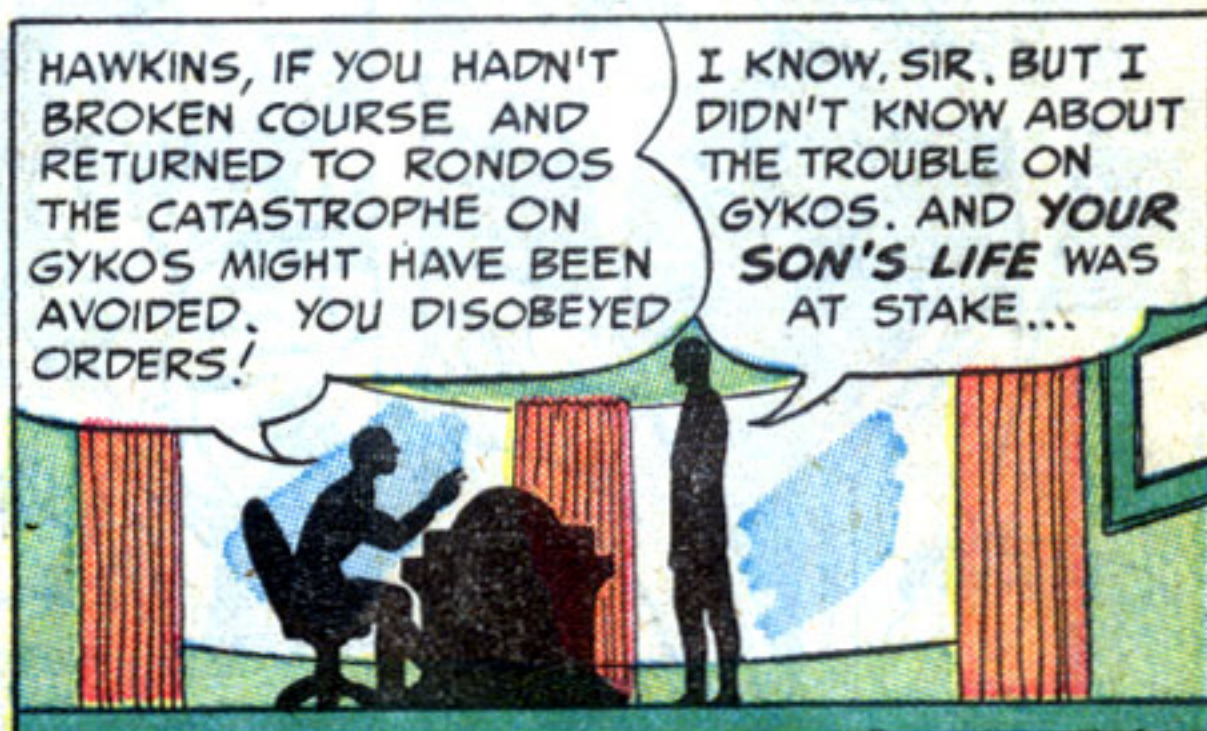


MEANWHILE ON GYKOS, PLANETOID ON HAWKIN'S PATROL ROUTE, A SCIENTIST AT THE HYDROPONIC LABORATORY RADARS FRANTICALLY ACROSS SPACE...



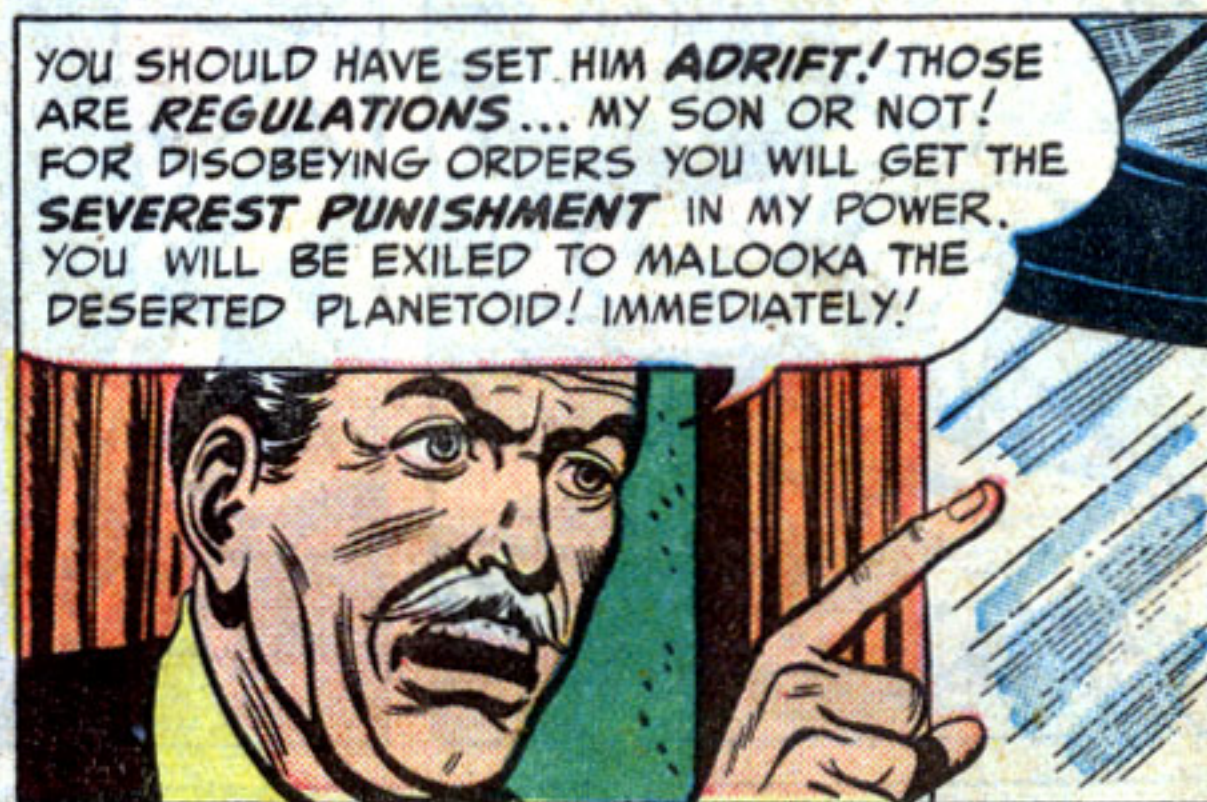
HELLO, RONDOS... HELLO PERIMETER PATROL STATION... THIS IS GARRISON ON GYKOS. THE NATIVES ARE REBELLING! WE NEED HELP! WE NEED... AAAAAARGGH!

BUT THE ONLY PATROL VESSEL THAT COULD HELP IS THAT MOMENT BLASTING TOWARD RONDOS... AWAY FROM GYKOS. HOURS LATER HAWKINS STANDS STIFFLY BEFORE HIS CENTURION...



HAWKINS, IF YOU HADN'T BROKEN COURSE AND RETURNED TO RONDOS THE CATASTROPHE ON GYKOS MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVOIDED. YOU DISOBEYED ORDERS!

I KNOW, SIR, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE TROUBLE ON GYKOS. AND YOUR SON'S LIFE WAS AT STAKE...

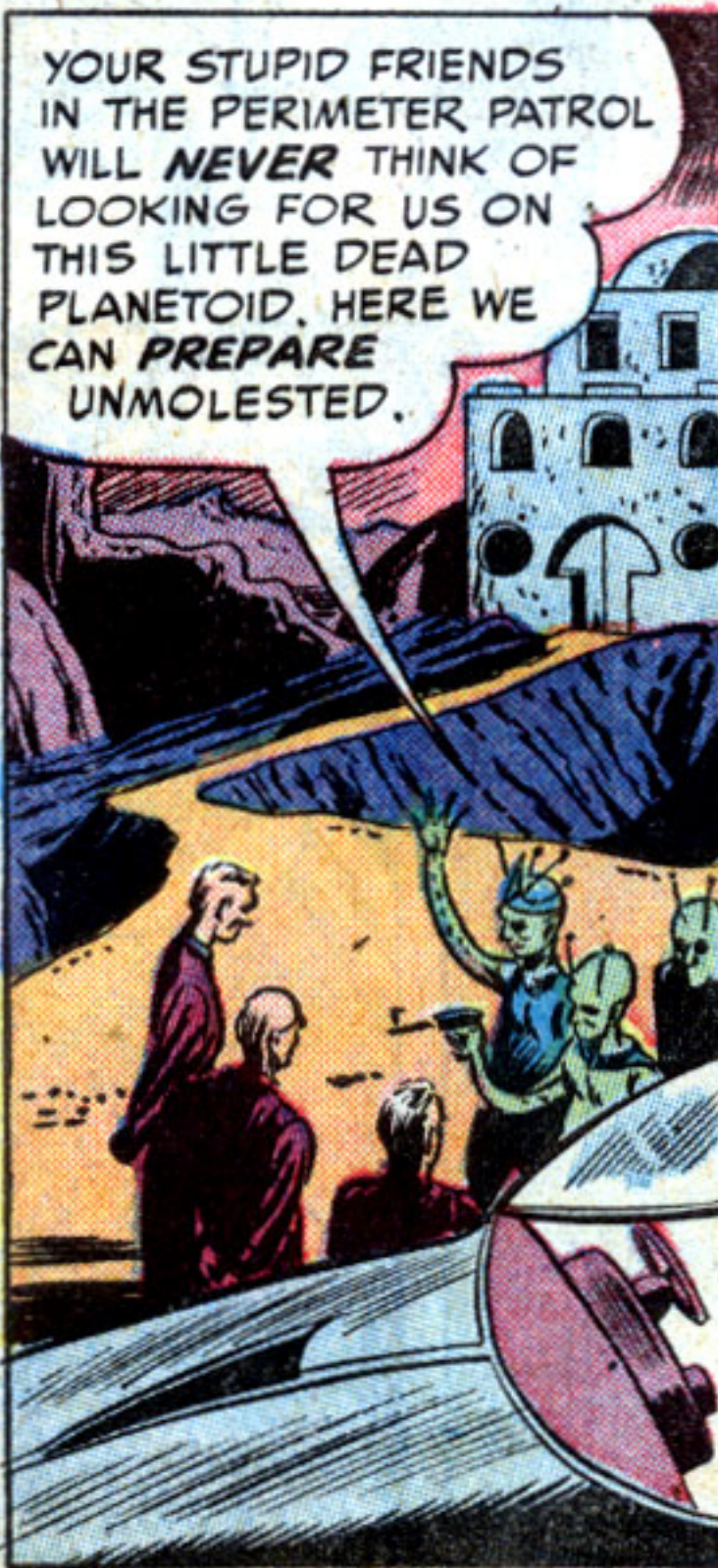


YOU SHOULD HAVE SET HIM **ADRIFT!** THOSE ARE **REGULATIONS**... MY SON OR NOT! FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS YOU WILL GET THE **SEVEREST PUNISHMENT** IN MY POWER. YOU WILL BE EXILED TO MALOOKA THE DESERTED PLANETOID! IMMEDIATELY!

AND CENTURION MYNOT'S DREAD ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT. SOON MARTIN HAWKINS IS STANDING ON THE DESERTED PLANETOID MALOOKA... LEFT TO DIE ALONE...



BUT NOT QUITE ALONE... FOR A FEW MILES AWAY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MALOOKA...

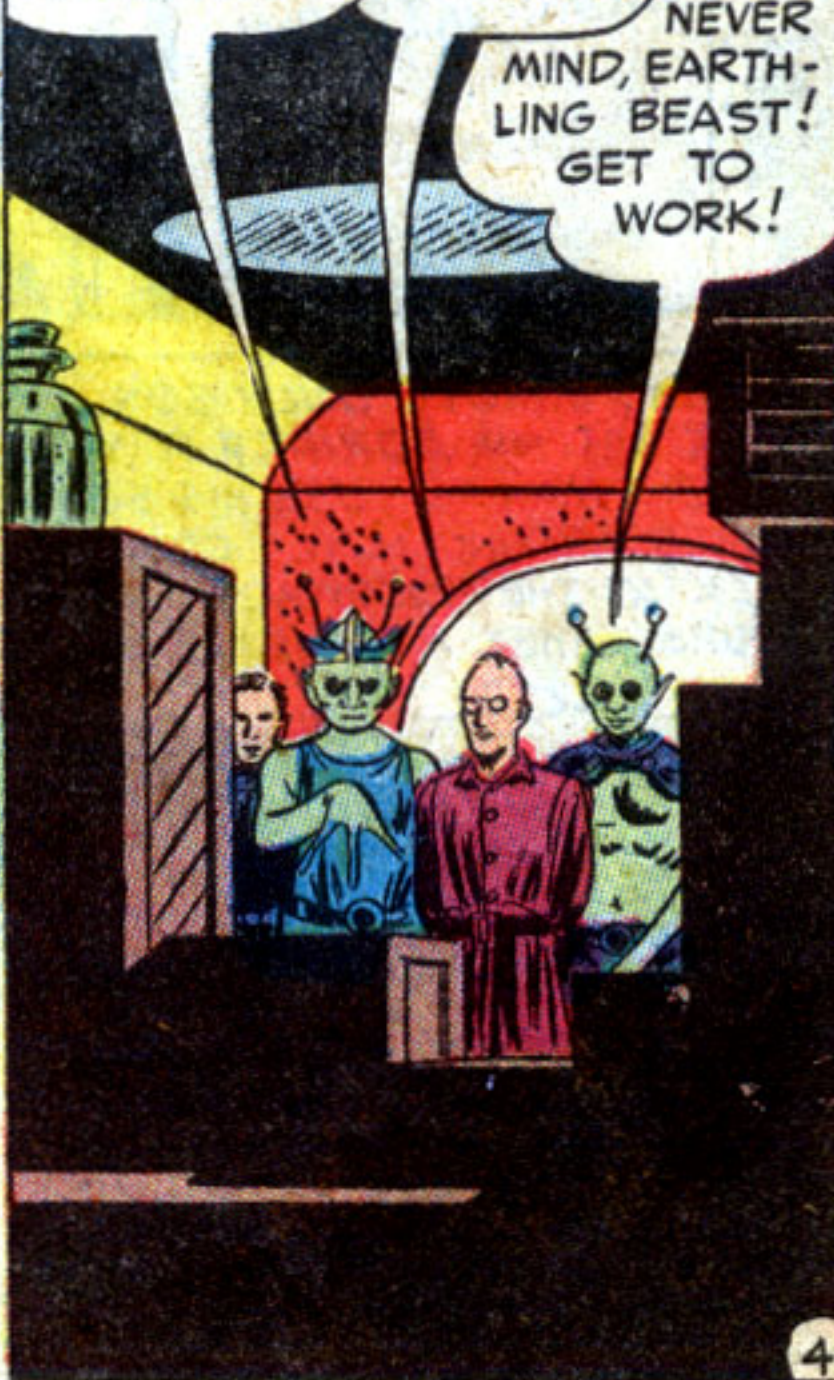


YOUR STUPID FRIENDS IN THE PERIMETER PATROL WILL **NEVER** THINK OF LOOKING FOR US ON THIS LITTLE DEAD PLANETOID. HERE WE CAN **PREPARE** UNMOLESTED.

YOU WILL CONTINUE YOUR EXPERIMENTS HERE. I WANT THAT **PLANT FUNGUS** YOU HAVE BEEN PERFECTING!

WHAT POSSIBLE USE CAN THE **FUNGUS** BE TO YOU?

NEVER MIND, EARTH-LING BEAST! GET TO WORK!





MEANWHILE ON RONDOS, THE PERIMETER PATROL-SERVICE IS BAFFLED. WHERE ARE THE MISSING SCIENTISTS?...  


I WANT PATROLS TO SEARCH ALL THE INHABITED PLANETOIDS! WE MUST FIND THE SCIENTISTS AND THOSE GYKOSIANS!

CENTURION, YOU ARE WANTED AT THE BASE HOSPITAL AT ONCE!

... YES, CENTURION, I CAN SAY WITH CERTAINTY THAT YOUR SON WILL RECOVER FROM THE SPACE SICKNESS. HE WAS BROUGHT TO THE HOSPITAL JUST IN TIME! YOU MAY SEE HIM IF YOU LIKE, SIR.

YES... THANK YOU, DOCTOR...

FATHER... I OWE MY LIFE TO CAPTAIN HAWKINS. WILL YOU TELL HIM I WANT TO TALK TO HIM... TO THANK HIM?

HAWKINS! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT NAME AGAIN! FORGET ABOUT CAPTAIN HAWKINS.

MEANWHILE ON MALOOKA, THE "FORGOTTEN" CAPTAIN HAWKINS HAS DISCOVERED HIS "NEIGHBORS" ON THE TINY PLANETOID...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW... THE GYKOSIANS... AND THE SCIENTISTS FROM THE HYDROPONIC LABORATORY! SO THIS IS WHERE THEY DISAPPEARED...

YES, IKLAK, SOON THESE EARTHLINGS WILL PERFECT THE FUNGUS. IT GROWS ALL OVER ANYTHING IT TOUCHES... IMPRISONING IT INSTANTLY. WE WILL FORCE THEM TO MAKE FUNGUS BOMBS FOR US.

YES, GREAT ONE. THEN WE CAN FLY TO RONDOS AND BOMB THE SPACEPORT THERE. THE EARTHLING PATROLS WILL BE HELPLESS!

WITH THE FUNGUS GROWING ALL OVER THEIR AIRSHIPS THEY WILL BE POWERLESS TO STOP US. WE WILL QUICKLY MARSHAL OUR FORCES ON THE OTHER PLANETOIDS AND DRIVE THE EARTHMEN FROM THE PERIMETER!

FASTER, YOU BEASTS! WORK FASTER!

CRAACK





BY RIGHTS I SHOULD LET THE CENTURION TAKE THE RAP FOR THIS... HE SENT ME OUT HERE TO *DIE*. BUT... BUT I CAN'T... I CAN'T LET MY COMRADES BE *SLAUGHTERED*!

HOLDING HIS EMPTY HOLSTER AS A RAYGUN, HAWKINS TRIES A BOLD BLUFF...



ALL RIGHT, YOU MONSTERS, ONE MOVE AND I **BLAST**!

HE LIES! THAT IS NO RAY PISTOL! SEIZE HIM, IKLAK!

THE EARTHMAN FIGHTS FURIOUSLY, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY...



OHHHHH!

MEANWHILE ON RONDOS SEVERAL DAYS LATER, GROLL MYNOT HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, FULLY RECOVERED. HIS FATHER HAS MADE HIM MASTER OF THE *PENUMBRA*...



YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, SHIP COMMANDER MYNOT. FLY A ROUTINE PATROL OF THE PLANETS *ERA*, *ZENA*, AND *BAKO*. PREPARE TO BOARD SHIP AND BLAST OFF.

BUT GROLL HAS OTHER IDEAS. ONCE OUT IN SPACE...



I **CAN'T** LET CAPTAIN HAWKINS DIE IN EXILE. I **OWE HIM MY LIFE**... I CAN AT LEAST TAKE HIM TO SOME INHABITED PLANET WHERE HE CAN **LIVE** IN SECRECY AND PEACE.

I'M CHANGING ORDERS! STEER A NEW COURSE... FOR THE PLANETOID **MALOOKA**!

BUT THE GYKOSIANS HAVE BEEN USING THIS TIME TO GOOD ADVANTAGE...



AH! THE **FUNGUS BOMBS** AND **GRENADES** ARE FINISHED! TONIGHT WE TAKE OFF FOR RONDOS... AND **VICTORY**!

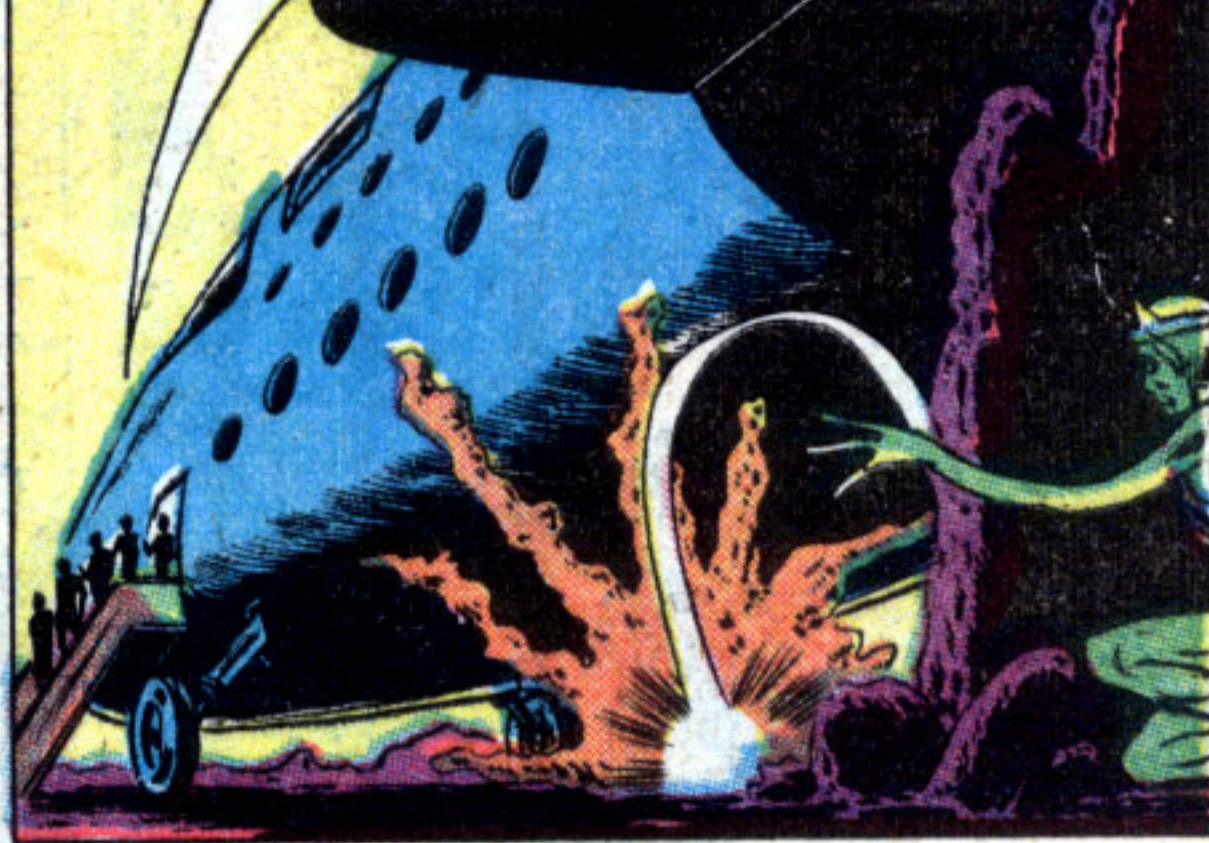
MASTER! COME QUICK! A **SPACE SHIP**! A PATROL SHIP IS **LANDING**!



THEY WILL NOT STOP US! WITH THESE **FUNGUS GRENADES** WE WILL **CAPTURE** THEIR SHIP. THEN IT WILL BE EVEN **EASIER...** WE WILL BOMB RONDOS FROM ONE OF THE PATROL'S **OWN VESSELS!** COME!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN HAWKINS! LET'S PRAY HE HASN'T DIED ON THIS FORSAKEN PLANETOID...



HA! THE PATROL SHIP IS AS GOOD AS CAPTURED. STUPID EARTHLINGS! HA! HA!



THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP THAT FUNGUS IS **FIRE!** BUT I HAVE TO SET IT ABLAZE RIGHT AWAY... OR IT'S TOO LATE! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN TO THEM...

LOOK! THERE HE IS! HE..HE'S GOT A TORCH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?



POOR FELLOW. HIS MIND MUST HAVE SNAPPED IN THIS LONELINESS. YOU MEN, **CAPTURE HIM** WITH THAT NET... DON'T HURT HIM...



THE PATROLMEN SNARE HAWKINS WITH THE NET, BUT WITH ALMOST SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH HE TEARS FREE AND FLIPS HIS TORCH...

THERE! I STRUCK IT!

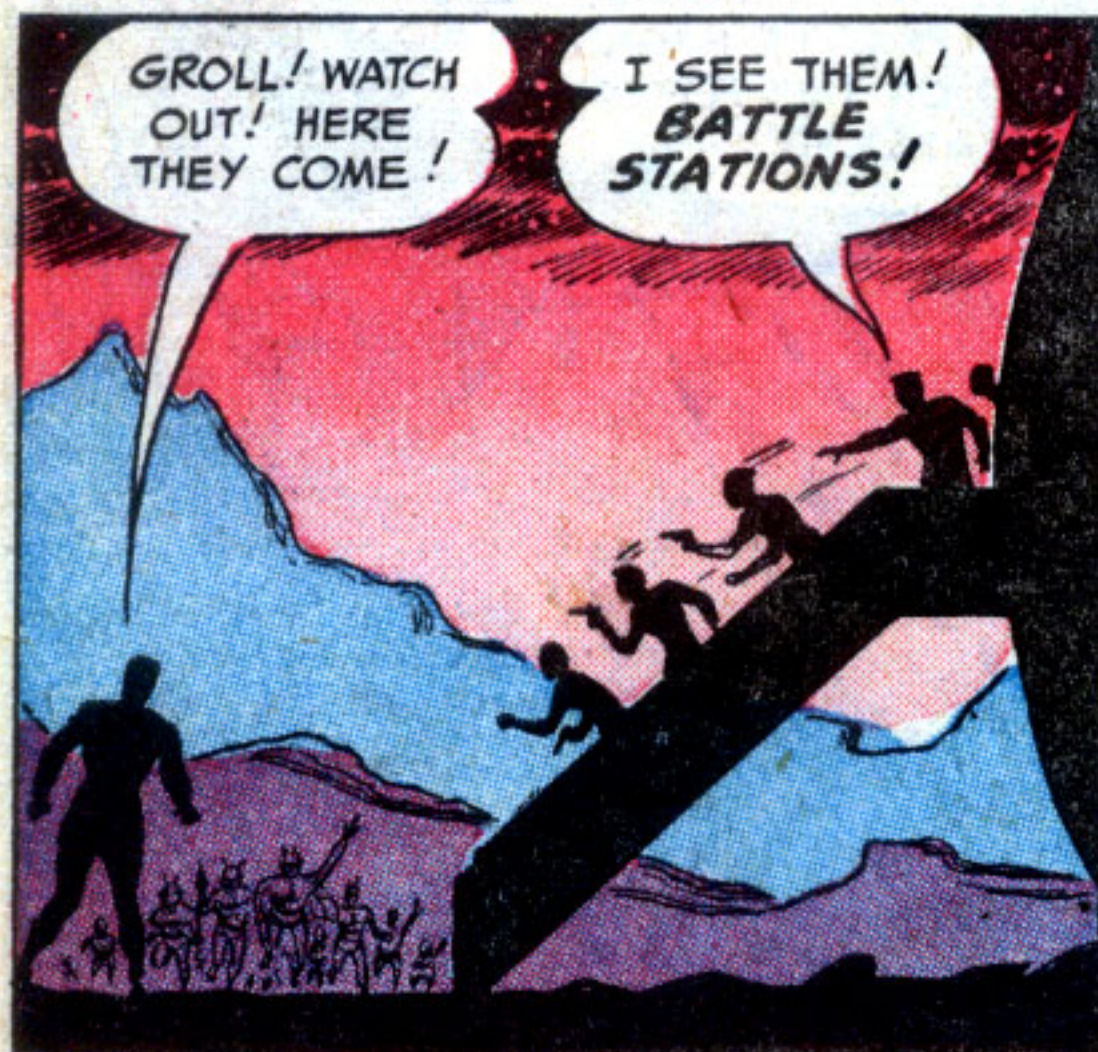
HEY! BY EROS, THERE'S **FUNGUS** GROWING ON THE SHIP. LOOK... HE'S SET IT ON **FIRE!**





THE GYKOSYIANS, FURIOUS AT THIS SETBACK, ATTACK EN MASSE...

A PITCHED BATTLE ENSUES.



GROLL! WATCH OUT! HERE THEY COME!

I SEE THEM! BATTLE STATIONS!

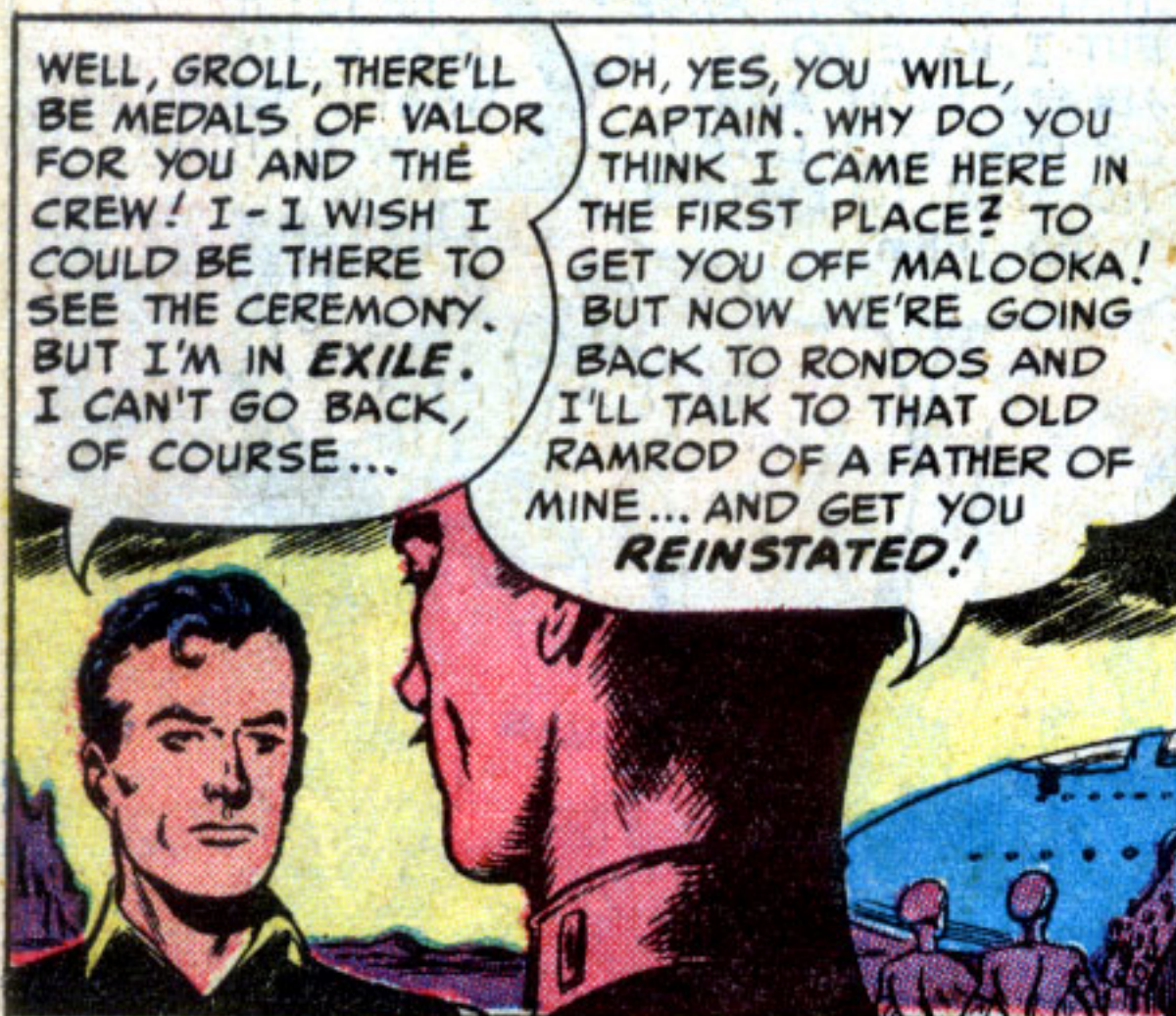


THANKS, GROLL! GOOD SHOT!

MY PLEASURE, COMMANDER!

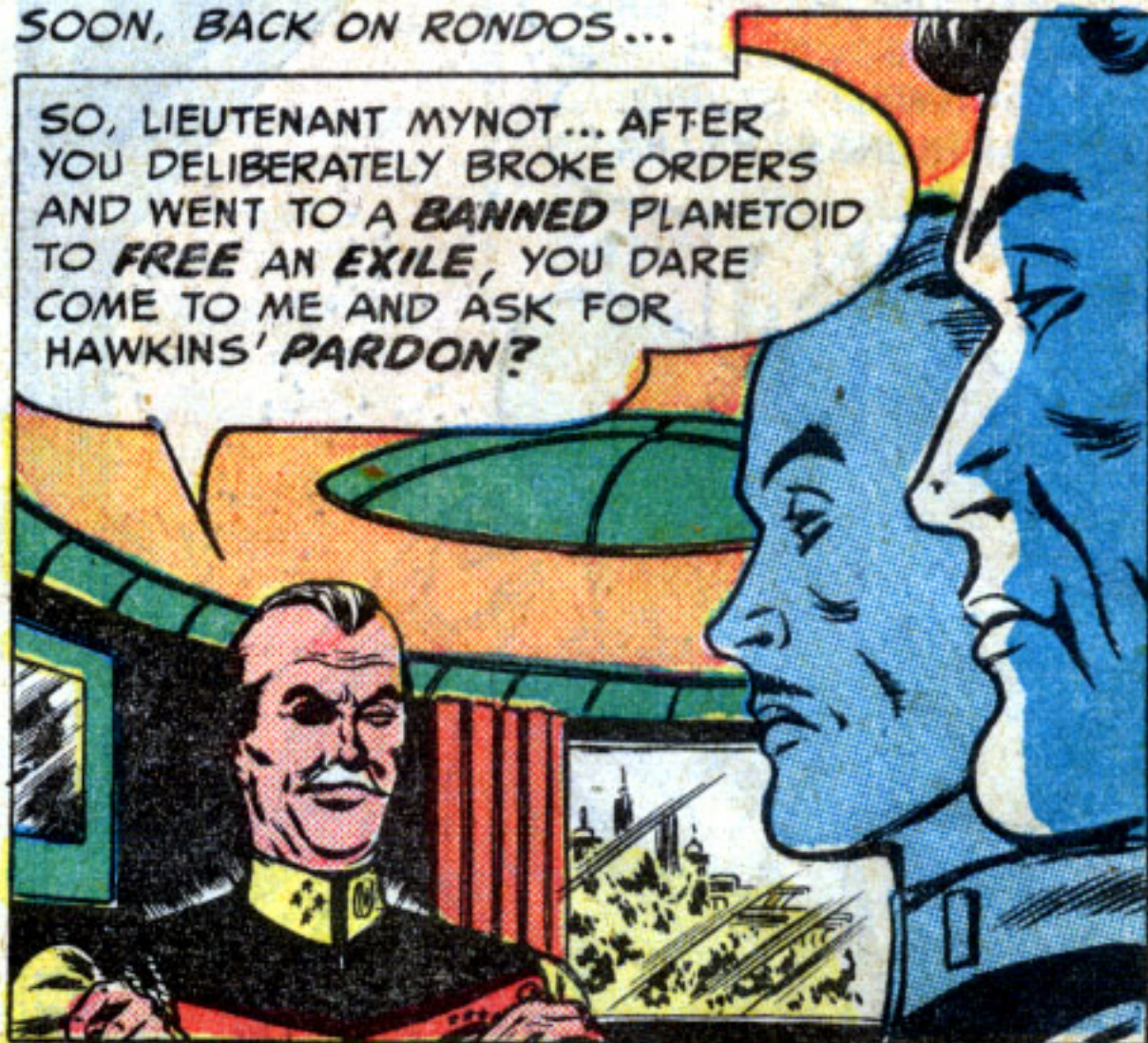
BUT THE GYKOSYIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE WELL-TRAINED PATROLMEN...

SOON, BACK ON RONDOS...



WELL, GROLL, THERE'LL BE MEDALS OF VALOR FOR YOU AND THE CREW! I-I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE THE CEREMONY. BUT I'M IN EXILE. I CAN'T GO BACK, OF COURSE...

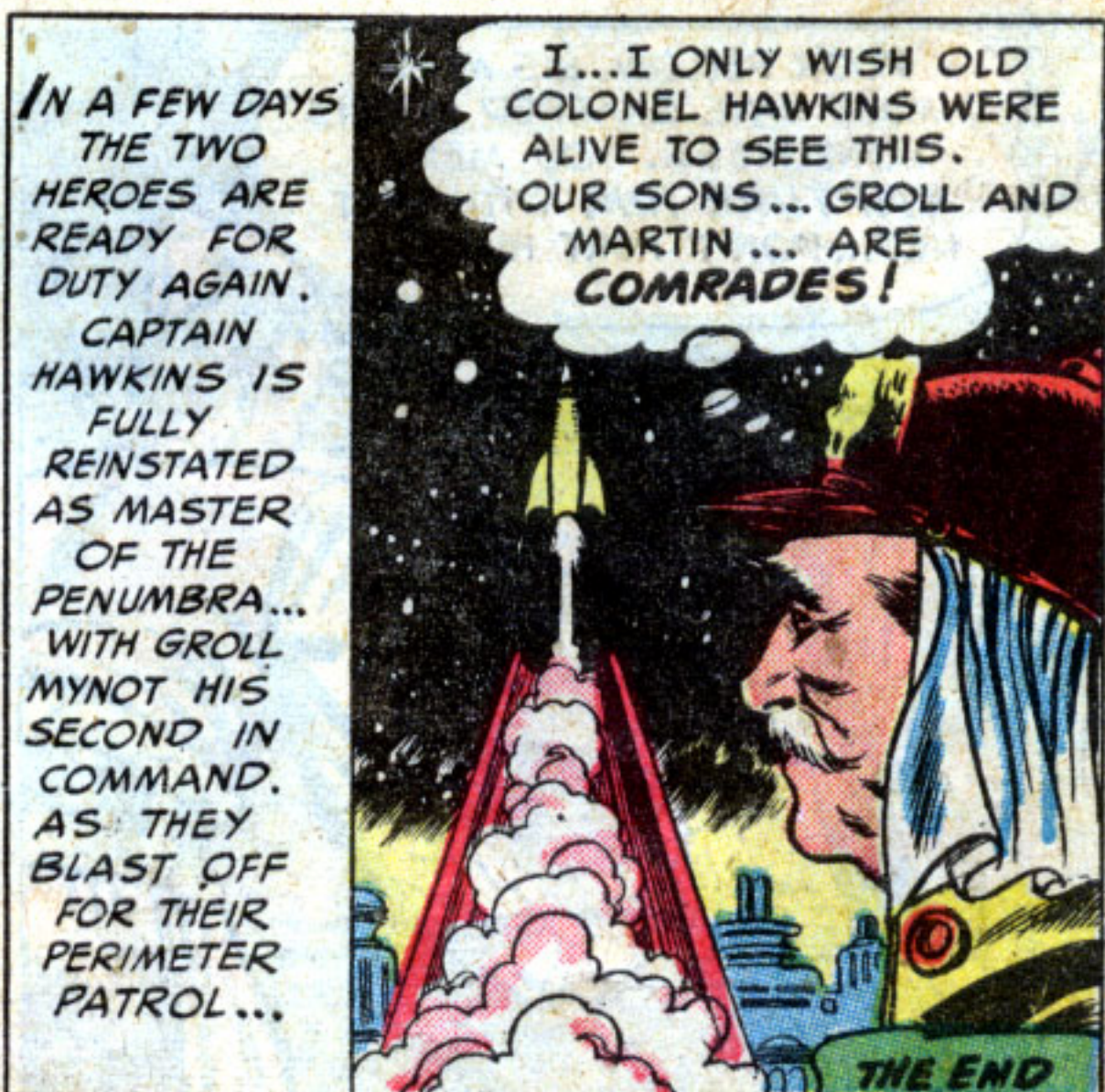
OH, YES, YOU WILL, CAPTAIN. WHY DO YOU THINK I CAME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE? TO GET YOU OFF MALOOKA! BUT NOW WE'RE GOING BACK TO RONDOS AND I'LL TALK TO THAT OLD RAMROD OF A FATHER OF MINE... AND GET YOU REINSTATED!



SO, LIEUTENANT MYNOT... AFTER YOU DELIBERATELY BROKE ORDERS AND WENT TO A BANNED PLANETOID TO FREE AN EXILE, YOU DARE COME TO ME AND ASK FOR HAWKINS' PARDON?



ON THE CONTRARY, HAWKINS, IT IS I WHO MUST BEG YOUR PARDON. YOUR DEVOTION TO DUTY EVEN AFTER EXILE HAS SHOWN ME WHAT A BITTER, EGOTISTICAL FOOL I'VE BEEN... MY... SINCEREST APOLOGIES TO YOU, CAPTAIN HAWKINS!



IN A FEW DAYS THE TWO HEROES ARE READY FOR DUTY AGAIN. CAPTAIN HAWKINS IS FULLY REINSTATED AS MASTER OF THE PENUMBRA... WITH GROLL MYNOT HIS SECOND IN COMMAND. AS THEY BLAST OFF FOR THEIR PERIMETER PATROL...

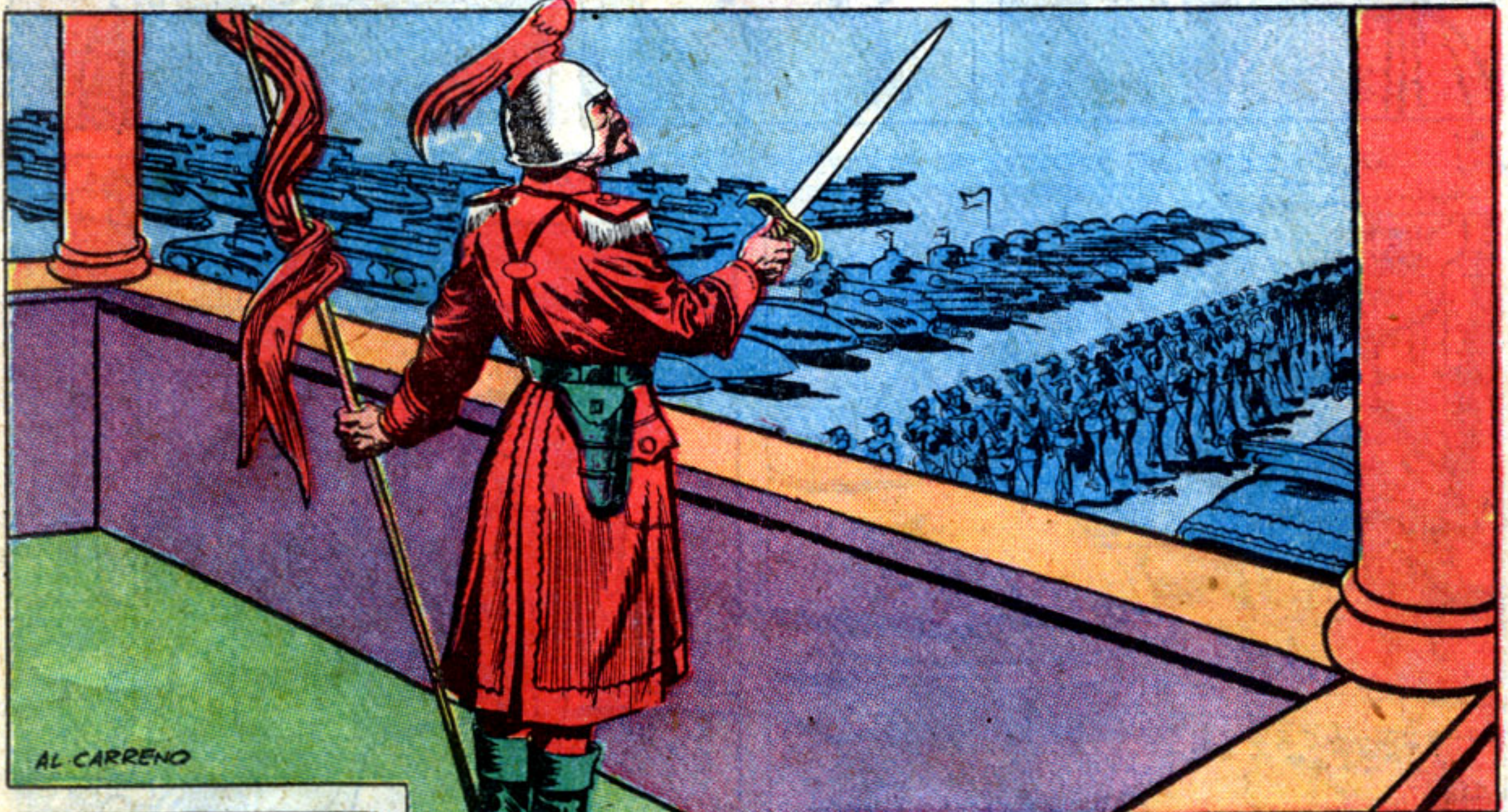
I...I ONLY WISH OLD COLONEL HAWKINS WERE ALIVE TO SEE THIS. OUR SONS... GROLL AND MARTIN... ARE COMRADES!

THE END



# The SECRET of the CRATER-MEN

IT IS THE YEAR 2306. THE ORIENTAL CONQUEROR BAJAL, WHO LEAPED OUT OF ASIA WITH HORDES OF MECHANIZED TROOPS, HAS SWEEPED ACROSS THE WORLD, VICTORIOUS. THE PRESIDENT OF EARTH, JACKSON MASON, TRIED TO RALLY AN ARMY TO FIGHT THE INVADER, BUT THE PEOPLES OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, LULLED INTO FALSE SECURITY BY THE CENTURIES OF PEACE SINCE EARTH FEDERATION WAS ESTABLISHED, FELL EASY PREY TO BAJAL. SO MASON HAD TO FLEE. NOW THE FORCES OF BAJAL ARE PARADING TRIUMPHANTLY THROUGH NEW YORK, THE WORLD CAPITAL.



AL CARRENO

THIS IS THE DAY I DREAMED OF, TARDOR. I, BAJAL, RULER OF ALL EARTH! BAJAL--GREATEST CONQUEROR OF ALL AGES!

YES, EXCELLENCY, AT LAST NEW YORK HAS FALLEN AND THE WORLD IS OURS!

THE WORLD IS MINE FROM POLE TO POLE! NOW, TARDOR, YOUR DEVOTION SHALL BE REWARDED!

EXCELLENCY, THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD HAVE BECOME SOFT FROM TOO MANY CENTURIES OF EASY LIVING. YOU ARE THE GREAT LEADER WHO WILL MAKE THEM EFFICIENT AGAIN, EXCELLENCY!





YES, THEY'LL WORK AGAIN! AND THE RICHES WILL POUR IN! CONQUER AND ENSLAVE, TARDOR!

ENSLAVE? SURELY YOU ARE JOKING, EXCELLENCY!

JOKING? HARDLY! SOON THE FACTORIES AND LABORATORIES OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE HUMMING AGAIN, TURNING OUT MORE WEAPONS AND **ROCKETSHIPS**, TARDOR! SOON I SHALL RULE THE **UNIVERSE!**

**M**EANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, DR. ROY HAMILTON, EARTH'S LEADING SCIENTIST, WATCHES THE DISPLAY OF ARMED MIGHT IN HIS TELEVIEWER...

HORRIBLE! LIKE SOME FANTASTIC DREAM! AND WE MUST SIT IDLY BY AND WATCH BAJAL MARCH INTO POWER!

**A**T THAT VERY MOMENT, OUTSIDE DR. HAMILTON'S HOUSE...

YES! THIS IS THE PLACE! WAIT OUTSIDE WHILE I DEAL WITH THE PIG!

DR. HAMILTON?

Y-YES...

DON'T YOU KNOW ME, DOCTOR? TEN YEARS AGO YOU WERE ORGANIZING MEDICAL RELIEF TO CARE FOR THE SICK IN CHINA.

OF COURSE! YOU ARE **KAYIMO**, MY OLD MEDICAL ASSISTANT! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I LOVED MY WORK AS A DOCTOR. BUT THEN BAJAL GATHERED HIS ARMIES! I KNEW THERE WOULD BE WOUNDED AND I JOINED HIM AS A MEDICAL OFFICER. DOCTOR, DO NOT HATE ME FOR THIS!

NO-- OF COURSE NOT, KAYIMO. I KNOW YOU ARE A GOOD MAN... EVEN THOUGH YOU WORK FOR BAJAL.





DOCTOR-- I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU OF A GREAT PERIL! IF THEY KNEW I WAS DOING THIS, I WOULD BE EXECUTED AT ONCE! BUT I CANNOT FORGET YOUR KINDNESS... I MUST WARN YOU!

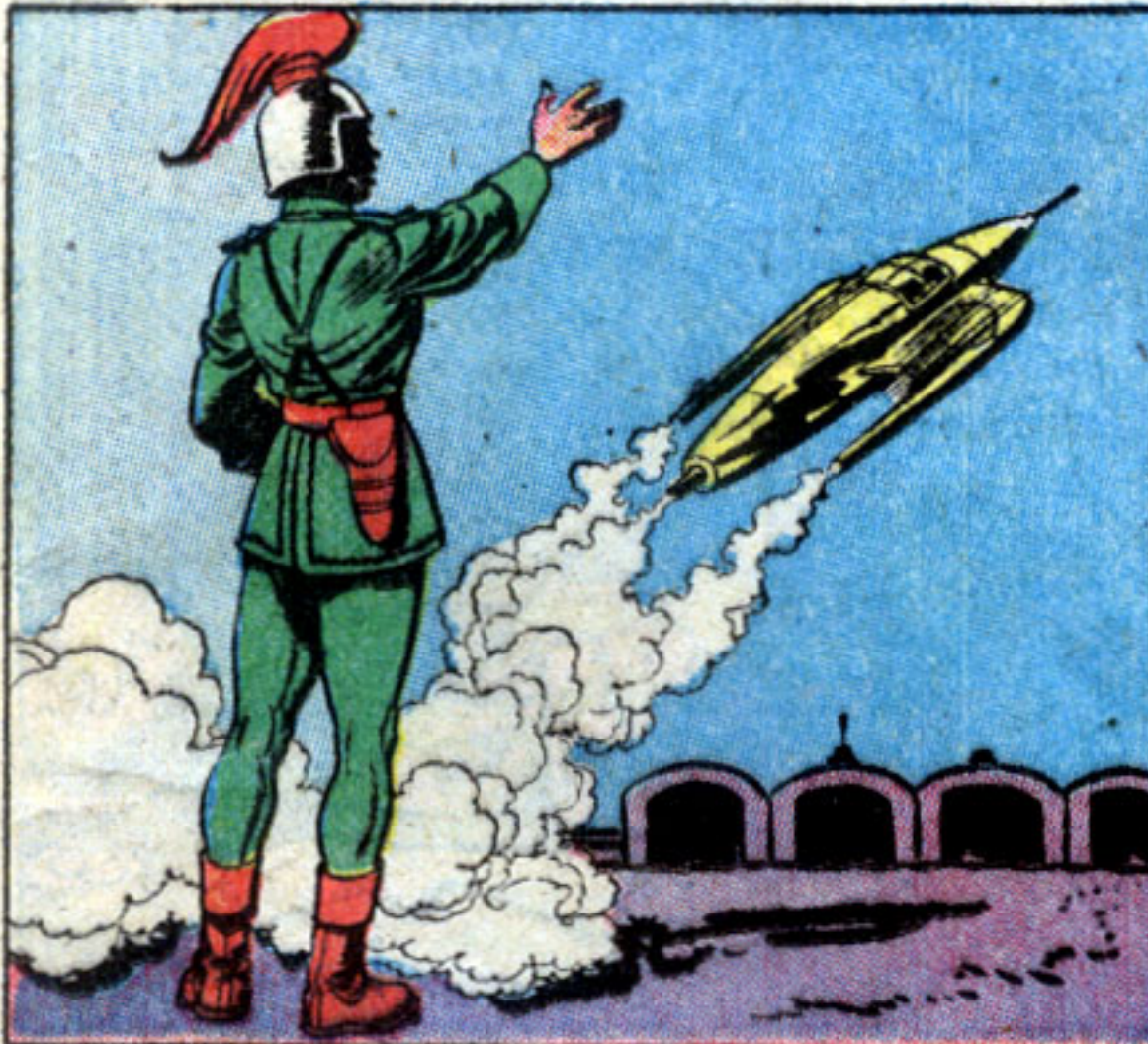


BAJAL HAS GONE MAD WITH POWER! HE PLANS TO BUILD A FLEET OF ROCKET CRUISERS TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE! AND SINCE YOU ARE THE FOREMOST SCIENTIST ON EARTH... HE WILL FORCE YOU TO DESIGN THEM!



HE ALREADY HAS SMALL ROCKET CRUISERS, BUT HE NEEDS BIG TROOP CARRIERS! YOU MUST GET AWAY FROM THE CITY! I THINK I CAN SMUGGLE YOU OUT TONIGHT!

**T**HAT NIGHT AT THE NEW YORK SPACEPORT, A SMALL SURFACE CRAFT BLASTS OFF...



**S**EVERAL HOURS LATER, DR. HAMILTON MAKES HIS WAY DOWN A SIDESTREET IN SANTIAGO, CHILE. HE REACHES THE ADDRESS HE IS SEEKING, AND...



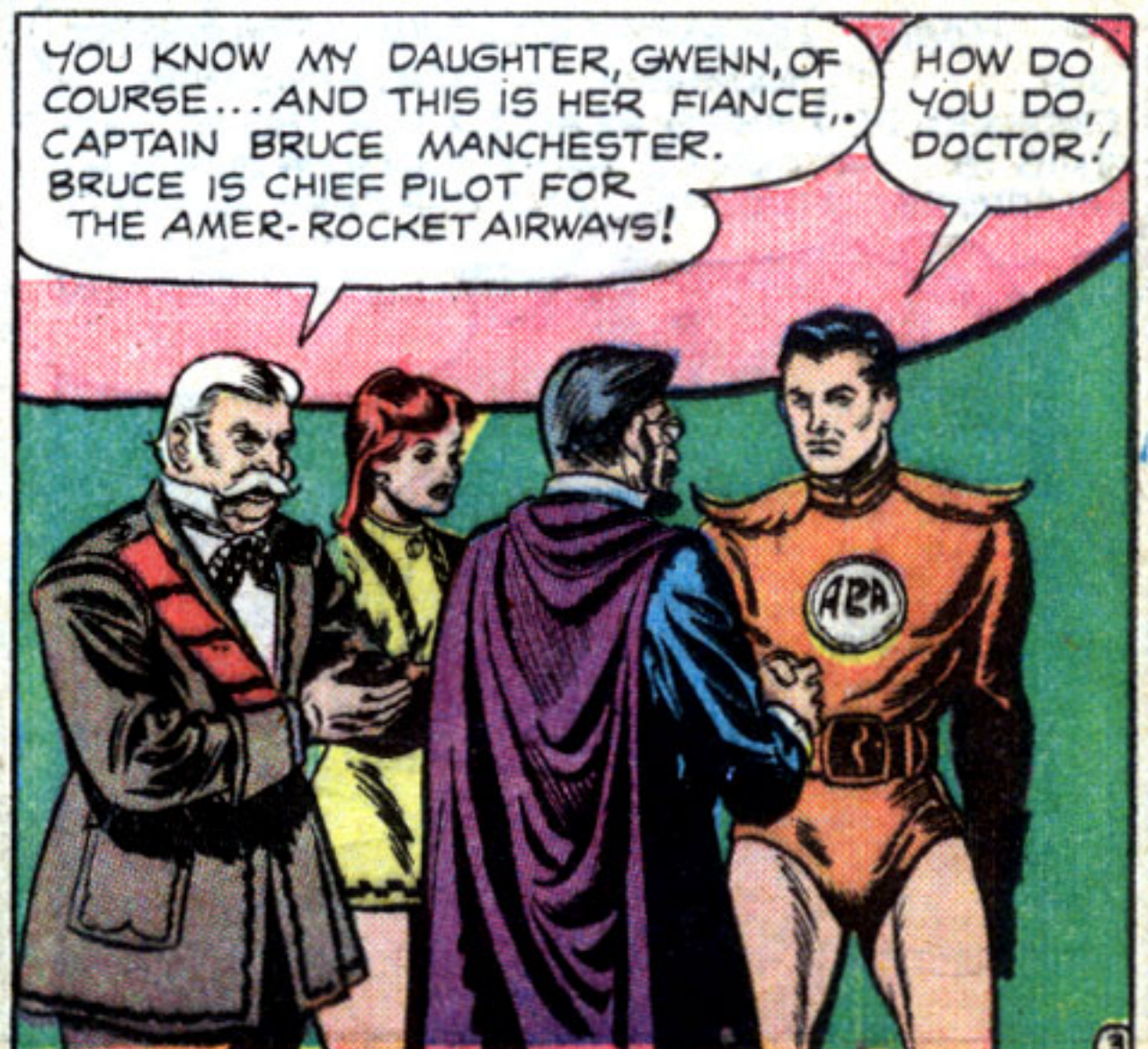
ALL RIGHT, DON'T MOVE! WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HAMILTON! I'M A FRIEND OF PRESIDENT MASON. HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS. TAKE ME TO HIM, QUICKLY!



PRESIDENT MASON!

ROY HAMILTON! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR!



YOU KNOW MY DAUGHTER, GWENN, OF COURSE... AND THIS IS HER FIANCE, CAPTAIN BRUCE MANCHESTER. BRUCE IS CHIEF PILOT FOR THE AMER-ROCKET AIRWAYS!

HOW DO YOU DO, DOCTOR!





MR. PRESIDENT, YOU ARE NOT SAFE EVEN HERE! IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE BAJAL'S SPIES FIND YOU!

WHAT IS THERE TO DO? THERE IS NO ESCAPING BAJAL AND HIS MINIONS LONG ENOUGH TO ASSEMBLE AN ARMY TO RESIST HIM!



BUT WE CAN'T GIVE UP, SIR! WE MUST FIND A PLACE WHERE YOUR CABINET CAN BE SAFE UNTIL WE ARE READY TO MARSHALL OUR FORCES AGAINST BAJAL!

THERE'S NO SAFE PLACE! NOWHERE ON THIS EARTH...



PERHAPS NOT, MR. PRESIDENT. BUT THERE IS A SAFE PLACE ON THE MOON! I COULD REDESIGN THE ENGINE ON A REGULAR STRATO-CRUISER ROCKET TO REACH THE MOON. THERE YOU COULD WAIT UNTIL THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT IS READY!



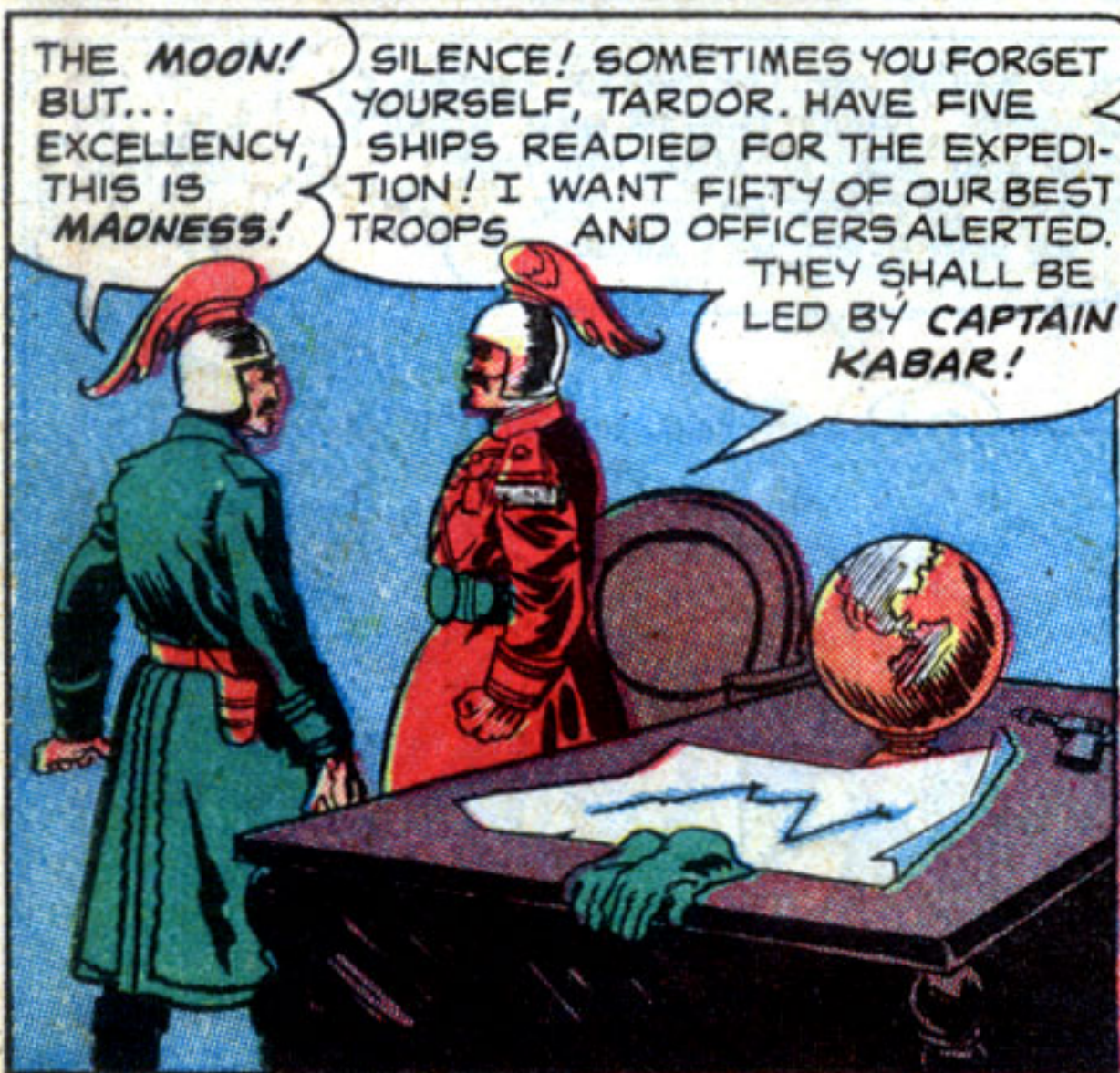
DOCTOR, I HAVE AN IDEA. THE PRESIDENT IS SAFE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS AT LEAST. WHY CAN'T YOU, GWENN AND I GO ON THE FIRST FLIGHT TO PREPARE FOR HIS ARRIVAL LATER?

A SOUND IDEA, BRUCE! I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE ROCKET ENGINES IMMEDIATELY!

**M**EANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, BAJAL HAS CALLED A MEETING OF HIS MILITARY STAFF...

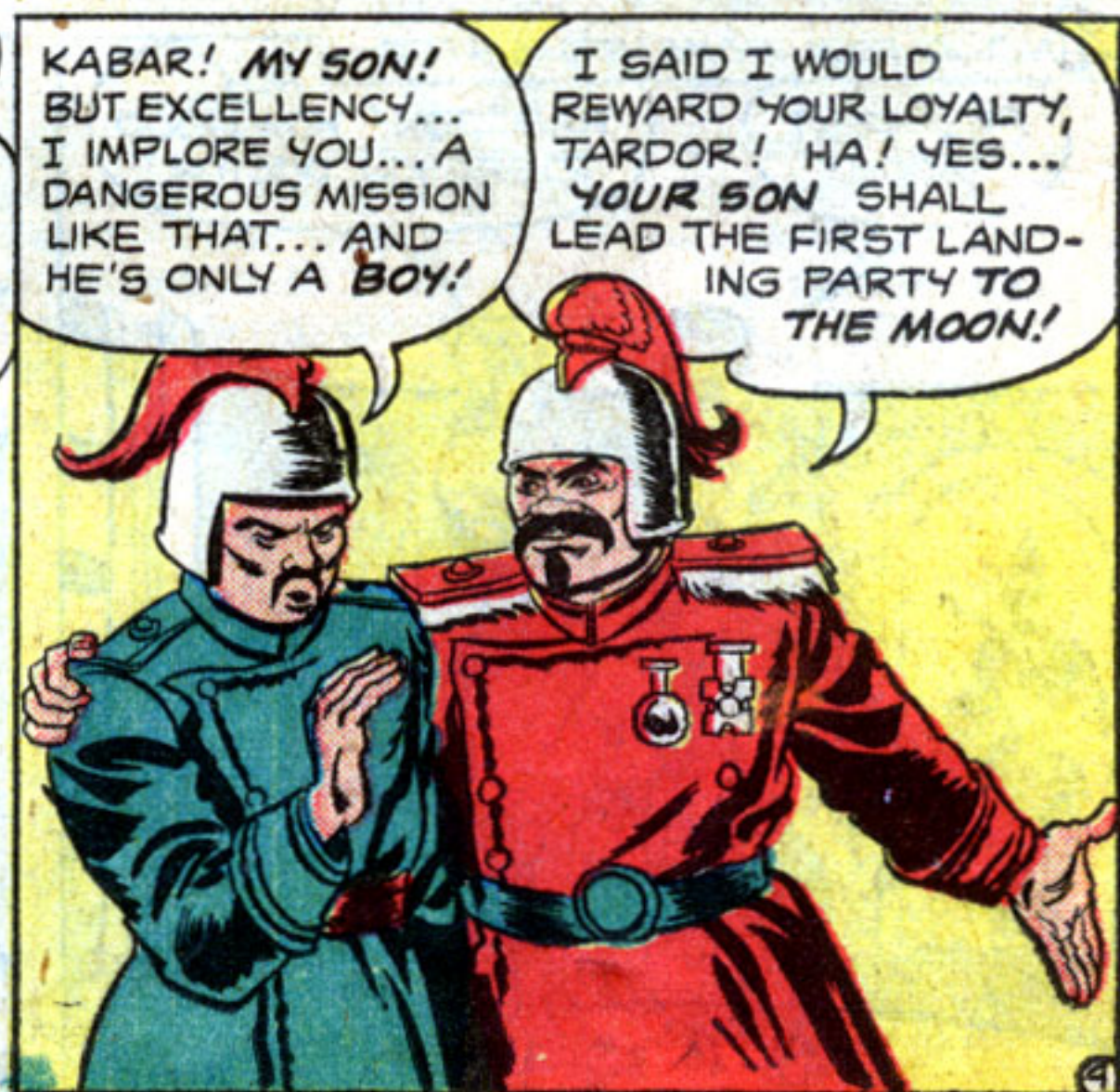


DR. HAMILTON HAS SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS! BUT WE'LL FIND HIM! MEANWHILE, WE ARE PREPARING FOR THE INVASION OF THE UNIVERSE! FIRST, WITH OUR OWN PATROL ROCKETS, WE WILL ESTABLISH A BASE OF OPERATIONS ON THE MOON!



THE MOON! BUT... EXCELLENCY, THIS IS MADNESS!

SILENCE! SOMETIMES YOU FORGET YOURSELF, TARDOR. HAVE FIVE SHIPS READIED FOR THE EXPEDITION! I WANT FIFTY OF OUR BEST TROOPS AND OFFICERS ALERTED. THEY SHALL BE LED BY CAPTAIN KABAR!



KABAR! MY SON! BUT EXCELLENCY... I IMPORE YOU... A DANGEROUS MISSION LIKE THAT... AND HE'S ONLY A BOY!

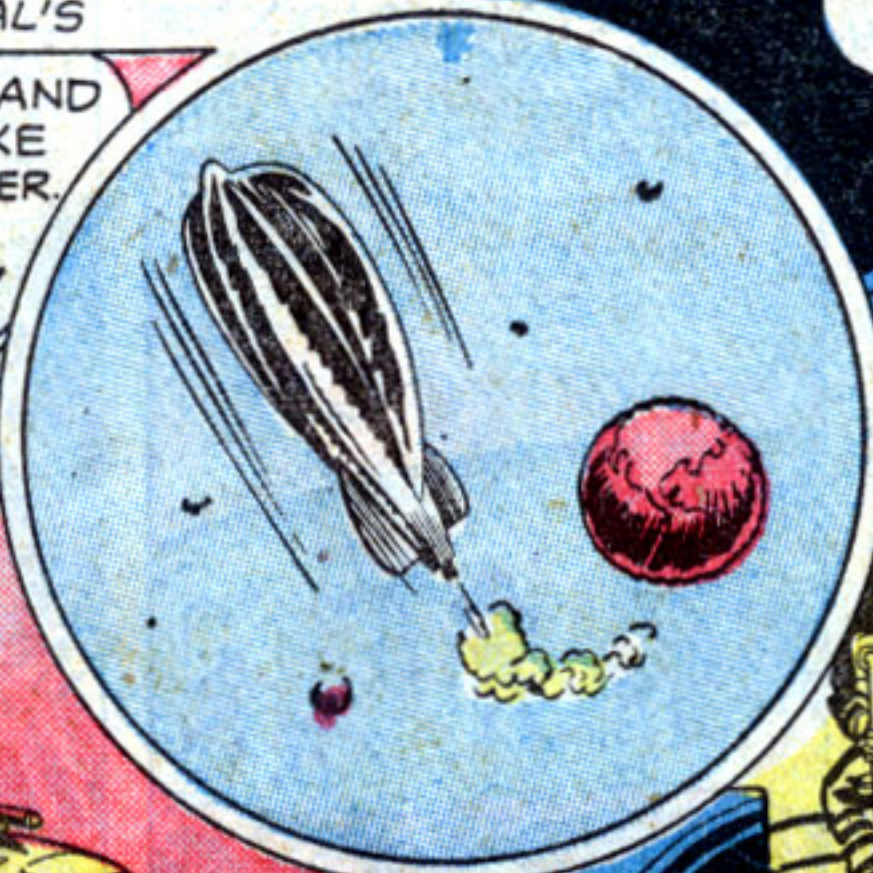
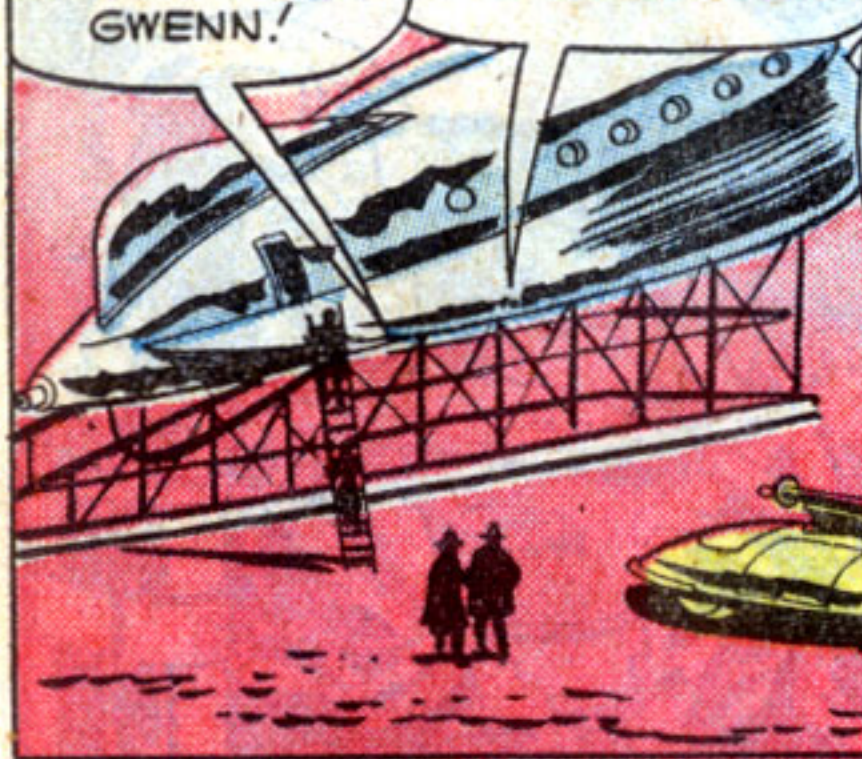
I SAID I WOULD REWARD YOUR LOYALTY, TARDOR! HA! YES... YOUR SON SHALL LEAD THE FIRST LANDING PARTY TO THE MOON!



**O**N A DESERTED PLAIN IN CENTRAL CHILE, DR. ROY HAMILTON IS ABOUT TO PUT HIS BOLD PLAN INTO EFFECT... LITTLE DREAMING OF BAJAL'S EXPEDITION...

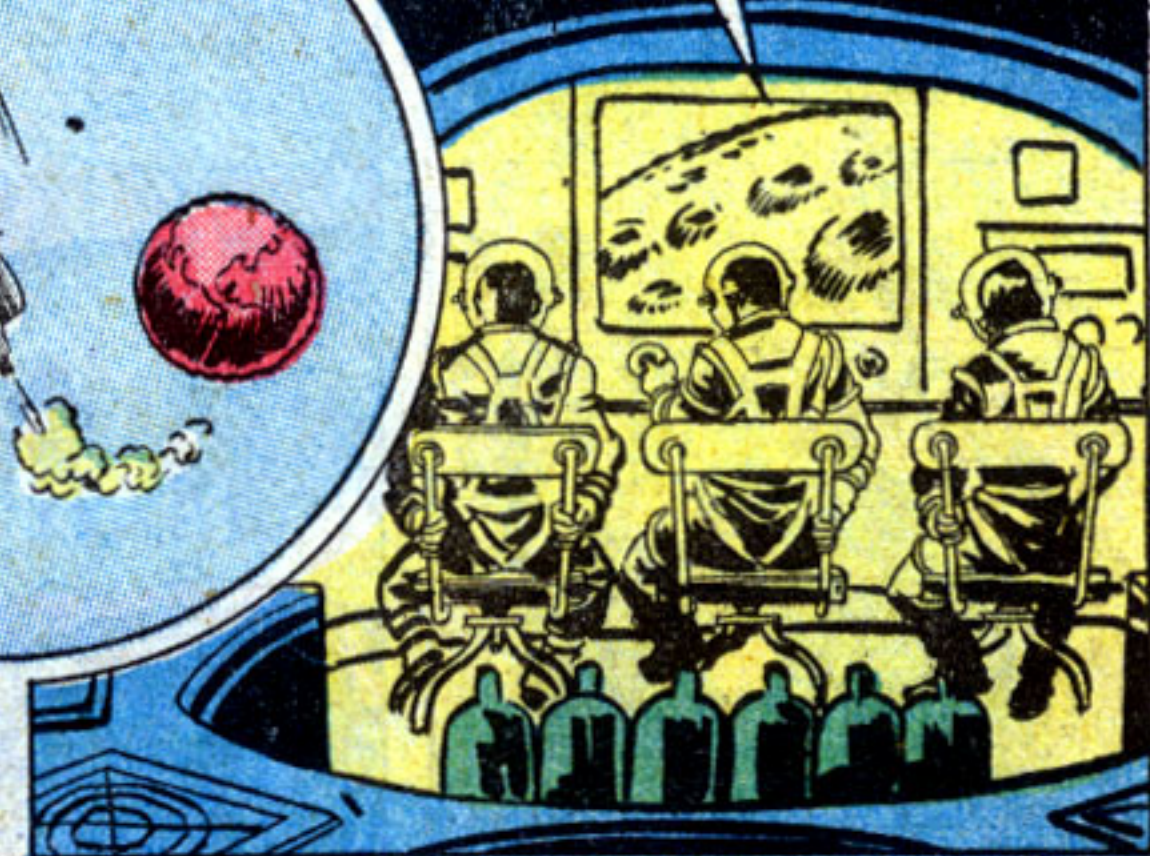
GOOD-BYE, MR. PRESIDENT, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT GWENN!

NO. I KNOW YOU AND BRUCE WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER. GOOD-BYE, ROY, AND GOOD LUCK!



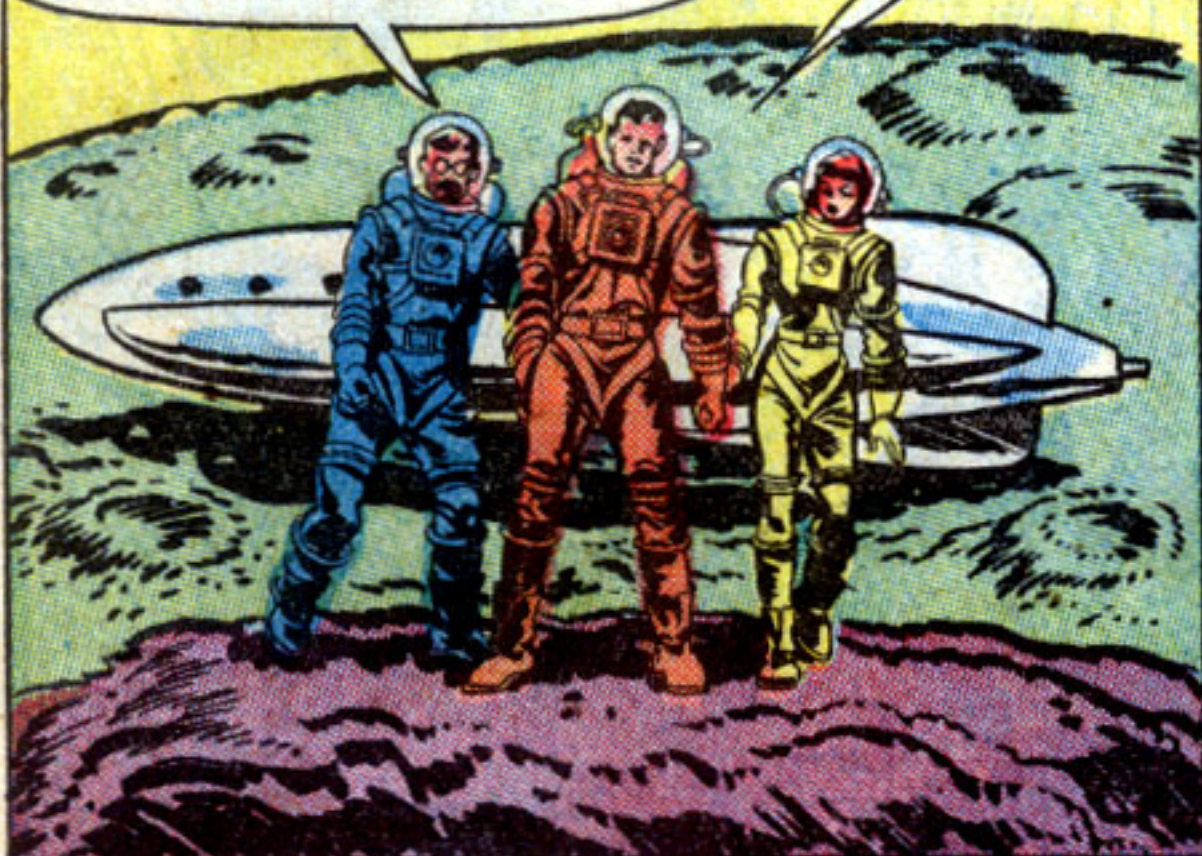
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

BRACE YOURSELF, EVERYONE! WE'RE GOING TO LAND!



FROM MY OBSERVATIONS BY TELESCOPE, I'D SAY THE BEST PLAN IS TO BURROW A STRUCTURE INTO THE RIM OF ONE OF THESE CRATERS.

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



**B**UT CURIOUS EYES HAVE SEEN THE LANDING, AND THE EARTHLINGS ARE CLOSELY WATCHED...

I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED, BRUCE... I'M AFRAID!

NONSENSE, DARLING!



HOLD IT! DON'T MOVE! LOOK! GWENN WAS RIGHT! BRUCE, DON'T FIRE... BUT BE READY!

RIGHT, DOCTOR.



HERE'S A BOLD ONE... PROBABLY THE LEADER... WATCH OUT FOR A TRAP.

I DON'T THINK SO, GWENN! HE LOOKS FRIENDLY ENOUGH... AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY WEAPONS. I'M GOING TO TRY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM!





**U**SING MATHEMATICS, THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE, HAMILTON SUCCEEDS IN ESTABLISHING CONTACT WITH THE LEADER OF THE CRATER-MEN...

YES, BRUCE, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. THESE CREATURES ARE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND FRIENDLY. HE SAYS THEY'LL HELP US BUILD OUR HEAD-QUARTERS HERE!



LOOK, DOCTOR! THEY'RE POINTING TO THIS GREEN MOSS. THIS MUST BE THE FOOD THEY EAT. I WONDERED HOW THEY...

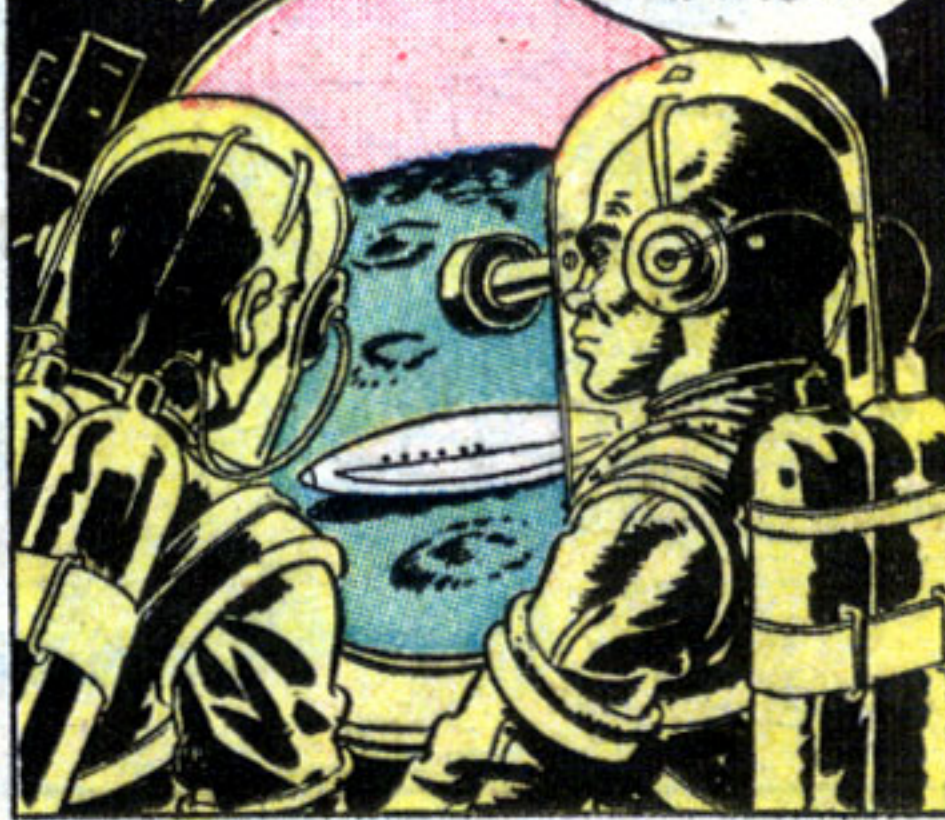
DOCTOR! COME QUICKLY! **ROCKETS ARE LANDING!**



**A**ND THE SURPRISE IS MUTUAL...

CAPTAIN KABAR! LOOK, SIR--NEAR THAT CRATER! A **ROCKET VESSEL!**

YES! WE WILL TAKE THEM PRISONERS, WHO-EVER THEY ARE! **PREPARE TO ATTACK!**



LOOK! THOSE ARE BAJAL'S MEN! LET'S RUN FOR THE SHIP! WE HAVE OUR MOUNTED RAY-RIFLES THERE!

NO! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A STAND HERE!



KILL THESE UGLY GREEN CREATURES! THEN CAPTURE THE EARTHMEN!



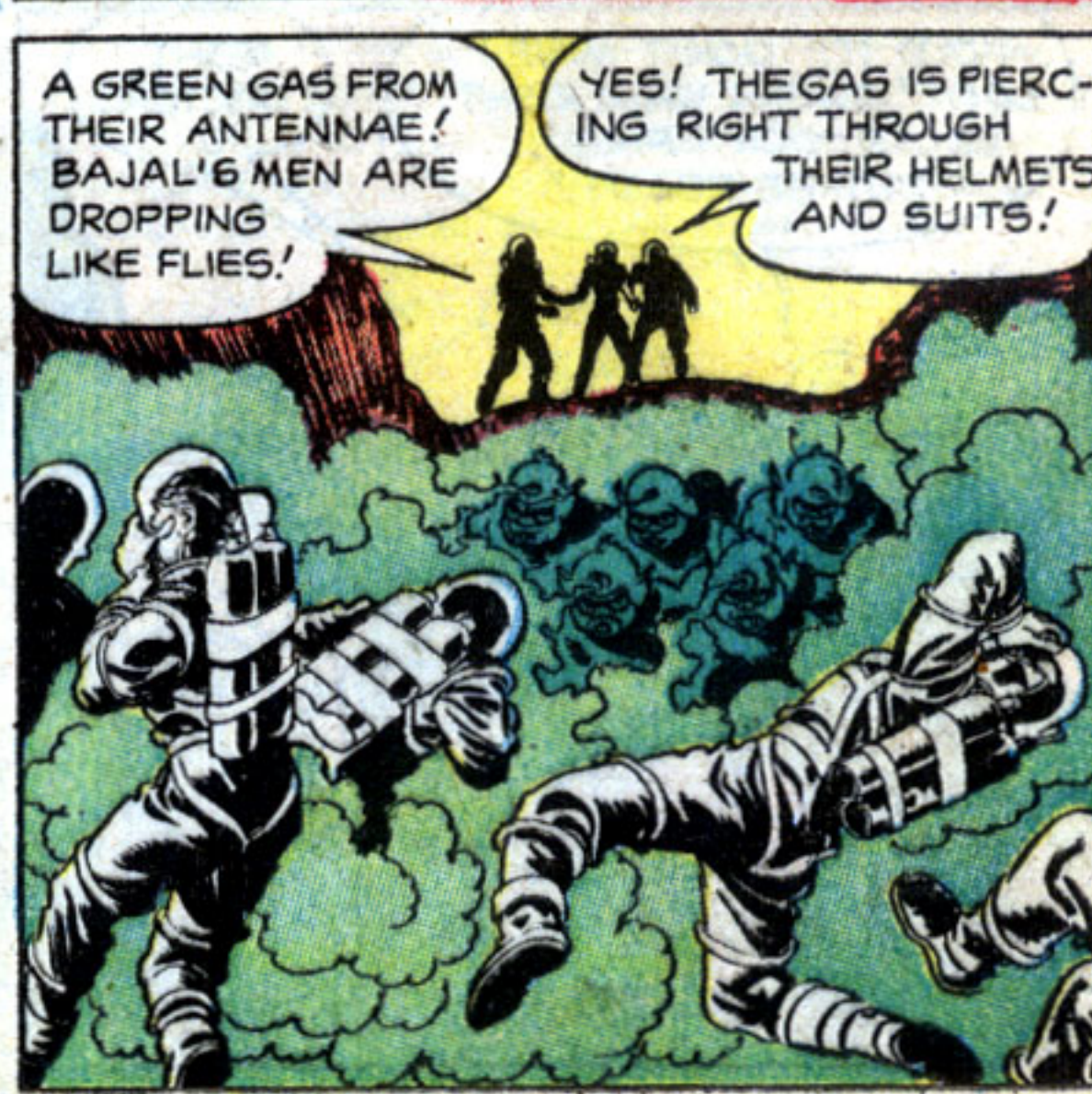
THIS IS TERRIBLE! THOSE POOR CREATURES HAVE NO WAY TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. THEY'RE BEING SLAUGHTERED!

LOOK! WHAT ARE THEY DOING? THEY ARE GOING TOWARD BAJAL'S MEN WITH THEIR **HEADS DOWN!**



A GREEN GAS FROM THEIR ANTENNAE! BAJAL'S MEN ARE DROPPING LIKE FLIES!

YES! THE GAS IS PIERCING RIGHT THROUGH THEIR HELMETS AND SUITS!





**IN A FEW SECONDS, THE STRANGE GAS HAS DONE ITS DEADLY WORK AND KABAR'S ENTIRE FORCE IS ANNIHILATED!**

THIS IS AMAZING! THAT MIST FROM THEIR ANTENNAE MUST BE SOME KIND OF NERVE GAS! LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE TO THESE MEN! WHAT A TERRIBLE WEAPON!



HE SAYS THAT THE NERVE GAS IS STORED IN THEIR BODIES THROUGH FEEDING ON THIS MOSS. BRUCE...HELP ME GATHER SOME. WE WANT TO TAKE SOME BACK TO THE SHIP AND ANALYZE IT!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THIS NERVE GAS CAN BE EXTRACTED FROM THE MOSS, AND IT COULD BE TRANSFERRED TO A MECHANICAL WEAPON! WE'LL GATHER A BATCH OF THIS AND HEAD BACK FOR EARTH!



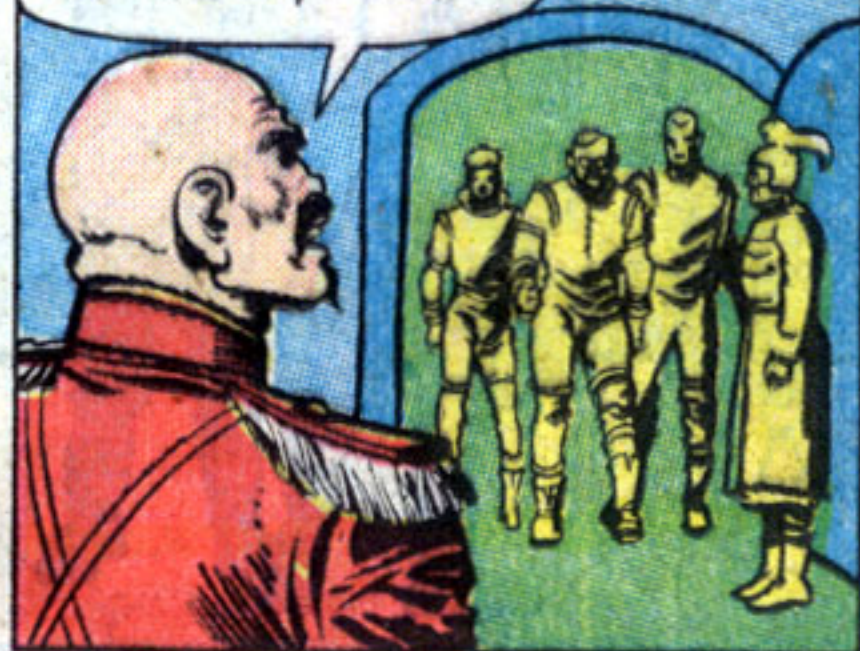
**S**OON THE TRIO BLAST OFF THE MOON'S SURFACE. THEY LAND FIRST AT THEIR STARTING POINT IN CHILE... THEN, A FEW HOURS LATER, GENTLY BUMP DOWN ONTO THE RUNWAY OF THE NEW YORK SPACEPORT...

MY NAME IS HAMILTON... DR. ROY HAMILTON! TELL BAJAL I WANT TO SEE HIM!



**A** FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY ARE WHISKED BY BULLET-CAR TO BAJAL'S MAGNIFICENT HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY...

WELL, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE. MISS MASON... DR. HAMILTON... CAPTAIN MANCHESTER! WHERE IS THE PRESIDENT? IS HE GIVING UP, TOO?



ON THE CONTRARY, BAJAL! WE HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO SURRENDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WHAT? ME SURRENDER?... HA! HA! AN EXCELLENT JOKE, DOCTOR!



BAJAL... WE HAVE HERE A WEAPON MORE DEADLY THAN YOUR GREATEST ATOMIC GUNS. SAVE YOUR MEN'S LIVES... SURRENDER!

YOU FOOLS! SURRENDER? WHY I ALREADY HAVE BROADENED MY SCOPE TO THE HEAVENS! MY MEN ARE STATIONED ON THE MOON! I SHALL RULE THE UNIVERSE!!







DON'T MOVE!  
WHAT IS IT  
THAT YOU  
HAVE?

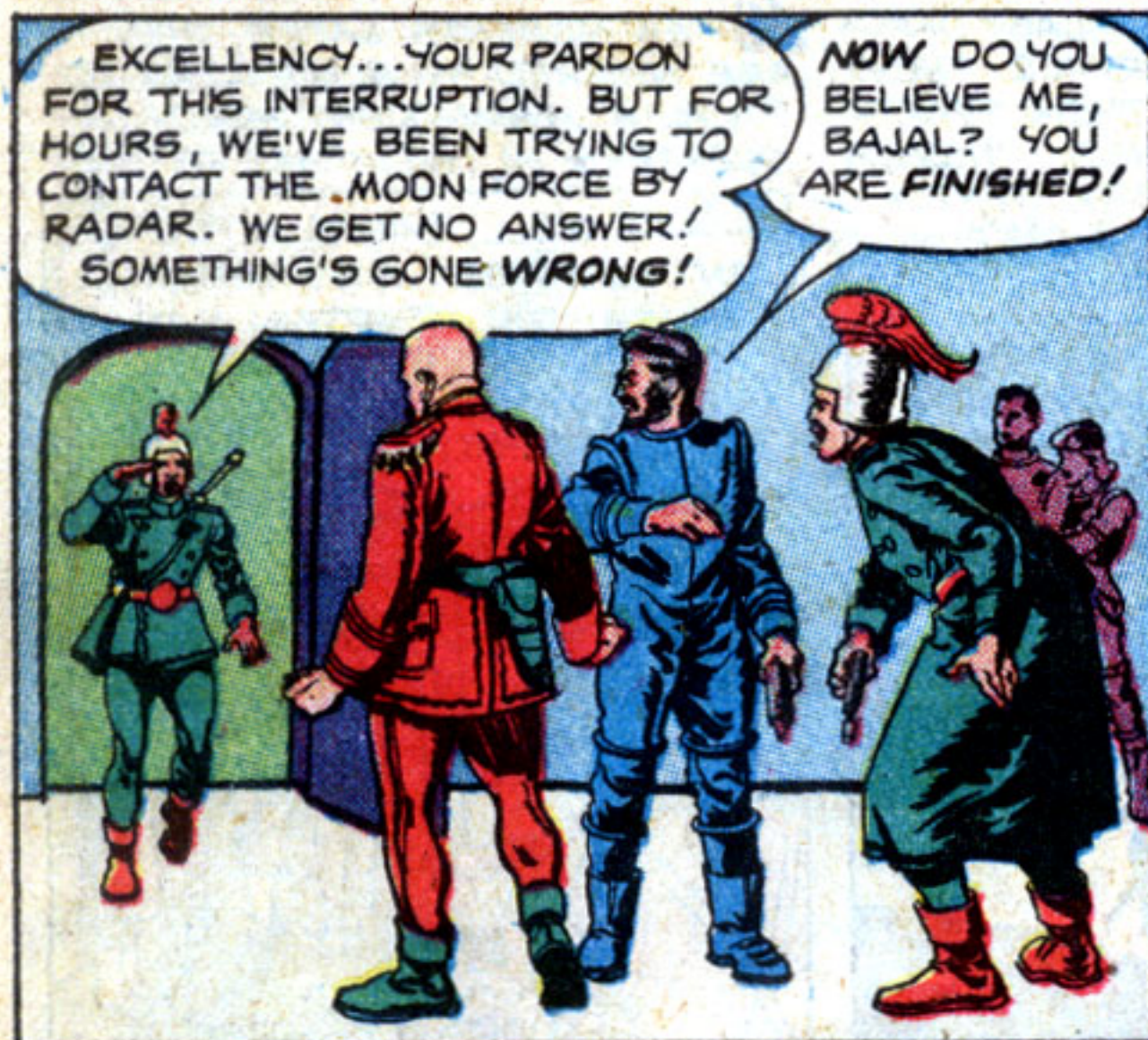
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY...I'M NOT  
GOING TO FIRE IT! I JUST WANT  
TO SHOW YOU, BAJAL, THAT WE HAVE  
THE WEAPONS I SPEAK OF.  
OUR MEN ARE ALREADY  
ARMING WITH  
THESE NEW GAS  
GUNS...THE SAME  
GAS THAT KILLED  
**YOUR MOON  
FORCES!**



**WHAT!** THE  
MOON FORCE  
**DESTROYED?**  
MY SON...  
IS HE..?

YES, DEAD! THE  
WHOLE UNIT  
**DIED** BY THIS  
NERVE GAS WHEN  
THEY ATTACKED THE  
CRATER-MEN!

DON'T BE-  
LIEVE IT,  
TARDOR!  
HE **LIES!**  
IT'S A  
BLUFF!



EXCELLENCY...YOUR PARDON  
FOR THIS INTERRUPTION. BUT FOR  
HOURS, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO  
CONTACT THE MOON FORCE BY  
RADAR. WE GET NO ANSWER!  
SOMETHING'S GONE **WRONG!**

**NOW** DO YOU  
BELIEVE ME,  
BAJAL? YOU  
ARE **FINISHED!**



NOT YET, DOCTOR! REMEMBER YOU  
ARE STILL MY **PRISONERS!** TARDOR,  
TAKE THAT GAS GUN AWAY FROM  
HIM AND HAND IT TO ME!



NO, BAJAL! YOU WERE GOING TO  
MAKE THE WORLD "EFFICIENT!"  
AND WHAT HAPPENED? YOU  
BECAME A POWER-MAD  
TYRANT! AND **YOUR** INSANE  
AMBITIONS SENT MY SON TO  
**HIS DEATH!** NO!  
YOUR RULE IS OVER!



YOU DON'T STOP **BAJAL**  
SO EASILY! IF ONE OF  
YOU MOVES, THE GIRL  
**DIES!** NOW, HAMILTON,  
**HAND OVER THAT  
GAS GUN!**

DOCTOR--  
YOU'D  
BETTER  
DO AS HE  
SAYS! HE  
MEANS IT!

**MEANWHILE, JUST OUT-  
SIDE THE DOOR...**



I AM MAJOR KAYIMO,  
MEDICAL OFFICER. I HAVE  
THE UNIT HEALTH REPORT  
HERE FOR HIS  
EXCELLENCY.

YOU MAY  
ENTER,  
MAJOR!



SINCE **YOU** ARE AGAINST ME, TARDOR, I TAKE IT FOR GRANTED MOST OF MY MEN ARE READY TO MUTINY ALSO! VERY WELL! I MAY LOSE, BUT YOU WILL **ALL DIE** BEFORE I DO... AND WITH YOUR OWN NERVE GAS, HAMILTON!



HERE IS YOUR LOVELY MISS MASON. NOW, MY FRIENDS... ONE... TWO...



I CANNOT LET HIM DO THIS -- I CANNOT!

THR -- OOF!!

GOOD WORK, KAYIMO!

STAY BACK! THE GAS-GUN MAY GO OFF!



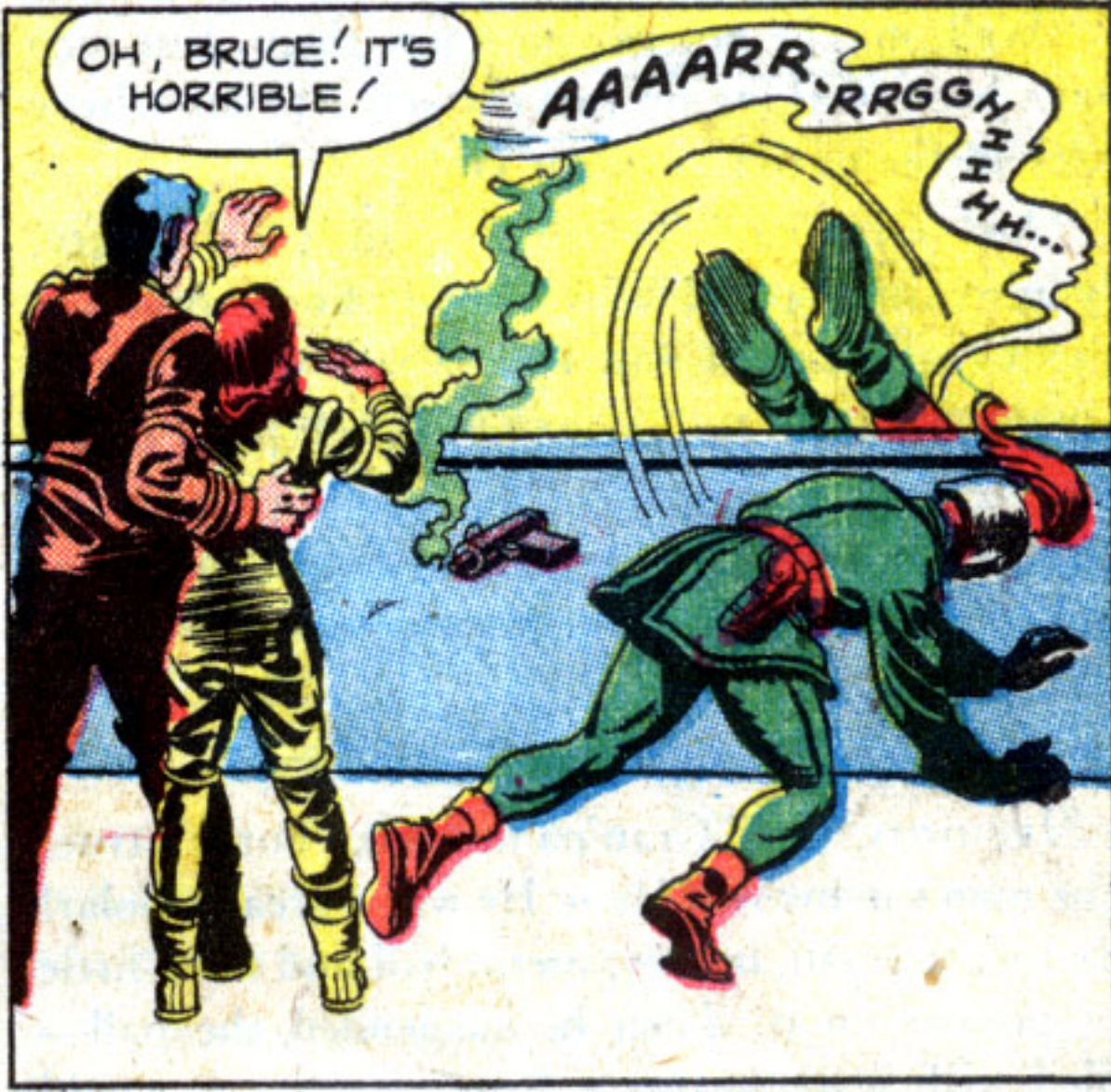
KAYIMO! LOOK OUT! THE GAS!

UUGHHH!



OH, BRUCE! IT'S HORRIBLE!

AAAARRR...RRGGG...HH...



HE IS DEAD! THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER!

YES, DR. KAYIMO, I WILL TAKE COMMAND OF THE LEGIONS...CALL YOUR PRESIDENT MASON. WE SHALL RETURN TO OUR HOMES AND LET THE WORLD HAVE PEACE.



...IT TOOK A TYRANT LIKE BAJAL TO SHOW US HOW THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD MUST ALWAYS GUARD THEIR FREEDOM JEALOUSLY! HOW STRANGE... WE MIGHT HAVE LOST IT ALL FOREVER, BUT FOR THE **SECRET OF THE CRATER MEN!**



The End



# ROCKETS ARE OLD STUFF!

The television screen flickered, went blank, then suddenly a picture popped in. It showed the take-off of one of the Army's new rockets. The long exhaust trail billowed out as the four-vaned monster hurtled itself into the skies.

"Gosh!" Tommy Vann cried to his Grandfather, "Did you ever see anything like that? I'll bet you wish you'd grown up in the twentieth century!"

Grandfather Vann smiled at his ten-year-old grandson. "Maybe, maybe not!" he replied. "A lot of new things happened when I was a boy, too!"

"Yeah," Tommy grinned, pointing at the screen, "but nothing like that: They hadn't invented rockets, or jet planes, or anything when you were a kid!"

"Well, maybe not as you know them. But men have been working on rockets and jets since way back in the days of ancient Greece!"

"Aw! Gran'pa," Tommy sounded half-angry, "you're kidding me! Why nobody knew anything about rockets until just a few years ago!"

"No, Tommy, I'm not kidding!" Gran'pa's tone was serious, "Way back in the second century before Christ, when Alexandria, in Egypt, was controlled by Greece, a man was experimenting with jet propulsion."

"Gee, Gran'pa, that's hard to believe!"

"It sure is, son!" Gran'pa nodded, "but it's true! The man's name was Hero. He was a great scholar! He took a small, hollow, metal ball and fixed little jet nozzles on it. Then he suspended the ball—filled with water—over a flame, so that it would rotate like a wheel. As the water he had put in the ball became hot and turned to steam, the steam escaped out of the little nozzles. That made the ball spin."

"Yes, but was the spinning ball good for anything?" Tommy asked.

"It couldn't perform any work," Gran'pa answered, "but it operated on the principle of jets. That same principle, Tommy, is used in today's modern jets!"

Tommy's eyes grew large. He waited expectantly while Grandfather Vann filled his pipe and looked off into space.

"Well, the next folks to fuss around with rockets and jets were the Chinese!" The old man finally went on. "Somewhere around the year five or six

hundred, some Chinese student got the idea of making rocket-propelled arrows. He put gunpowder in a tube with a fuse. It must have looked like the skyrockets you have on the Fourth of July. Then he fastened this tube to an arrow. The arrow he put in a crude launcher, just a wooden trough. Well, when the fuse was lit that arrow took off just like a rocket! They say it won many a battle for the Chinese armies. You can imagine the panic when fire-arrows began to fall on those old-time armies."

"Hey," Tommy got excited, "that sure was smart thinking, wasn't it! Did any other nations use the fire-arrow?"

"No, I don't think anyone else took it up," Gran'pa replied. "Then along in the fifteenth century an Italian by the name of de Fontana invented a rocket-car for warfare."

"A rocket-car?" the boy repeated incredulously. "You mean a car that would carry soldiers?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. It was a little iron affair, about two to three feet long, and was mounted on wheels. The gunpowder was put inside and when the fuse was lit, the force of the burning powder pushed the car forward. An opening at the back let the gases shoot out."

"But how did they use the rocket-car?"

"Oh, lots of ways," Gran'pa started to explain. "At first they made them in the shape of fish and set them running across the battlefield toward the enemy. Well, Tommy, the rocket-cars didn't kill any enemy soldiers, but it pretty near scared them to death."

Tommy was grinning. "Imagine seeing a fish come dashing across dry ground, with fire shooting from its tail! Boy, that would scare anyone!"

"Yep, Tommy, that it would. But the Italians carried the rocket-car even farther. They built one with a long, sharp spike sticking out from the front of it. They they covered the whole car with pitch and tar. They set this pitch afire and aimed the car at the gates of a castle. When the car rammed into the gates the sharp spike on the front made it stick there."

"Hey, that's real sharp!" Tommy started, then laughed as he realized what he'd said. "I mean real *smart*, Gran'pa! That flaming tar and pitch would set those wooden gates on fire in a hurry, wouldn't they?"



"Exactly!" Gran'pa agreed. "The defenders of the castle didn't have a chance to stop the car, or to put the fire out before the gates were aflame. Of course, when people used iron bars for the gates the flaming car wasn't of much use!"

"That's sure interesting," Tommy said thoughtfully, "but were all the experiments with rockets only for making war and killing people?"

"No. Sometime in the Middle Ages a Chinese inventor built a rocket-propelled chair."

"Wow! Did it work?" Tommy's face shone.

"Well, not quite!" Gran'pa smiled. "You see, this Chinese inventor tied a whole lot of rockets to the back of the chair. They were like ordinary sky-rockets, only bigger. After fastening the rockets to the chair he sat down in it and had his servants light all the fuses."

Tommy began to giggle as he pictured what was sure to happen.

"I would have liked to see that chair!" Gran'pa chuckled. "According to the story, the rockets skidded the chair all along the road and then, *whoosh!* pushed it right over a stone fence. The inventor didn't get hurt much, but I guess it cured him of trying to travel by rocket."

"I'll bet it did!" Tommy said gravely. "But he had the right idea, didn't he? Jet planes today must use the same principle, huh?"

"That's one hundred per cent correct, Tommy! Of course, they had to develop airplanes before they could adapt rockets and jets as a means of travel."

"Gran'pa, you keep talking about rockets and jets," Tommy frowned, "and I get mixed up. What's the difference between a rocket and a jet?"

"Good question!" Gran'pa replied. "It's very simple. You see, a rocket carries its own fuel and its own supply of oxygen, in the form of highly-compressed liquid oxygen. Now, a jet engine carries its own fuel supply, but it draws its oxygen in out of the air, instead of carrying it right in the jet. Both have advantages. But a jet can't go as high as a rocket, because the higher you go, the less oxygen there is in the air. Therefore, there comes a time when the air doesn't have enough oxygen in it to keep the jet operating."

Tommy nodded. "So that's why the space ships they plan to build will have to be rockets instead of jets."

Grandfather lit his pipe again.

"After that Chinese fellow cracked up in his rocket chair, a long time passed until an Englishman named Sir Isaac Newton . . ."

"Oh, sure, we studied about him in school. He was the scientist who discovered the laws of gravity."

"Right, and in a simple way, too, they say. You remember the story about the apple falling on his head. But let's continue with our other story. Sir Isaac went back to Hero's ancient principle, only he made it practical. He mounted a boiler, with a jet pointing backwards, on a carriage chassis. When the fire under the boiler made steam, it shot out of the jet and pushed the carriage forward. It worked fairly well, too. A long lever controlled the amount of steam that could escape and thereby also controlled the speed of the carriage."

"Well, what d'you know!" Tommy shook his head in astonishment.

"From then on you know about most of the rocket advances. World War II speeded up the experiments and Uncle Sam came out with the Bazooka, which is actually nothing but a rocket."

"Oh!" Tommy exclaimed. "Then that means that the recoilless artillery our Army has now is a form of rocket, too!"

"Yes sir, Tommy, it is." Gran'pa got up, "Of course, the original German V-2, which our scientists have improved on so much, was the first big rocket ever to be used in warfare."

"I remember reading about that." Tommy looked dreamy. "Do you think there ever will really be flights to Mars and to the Moon and to places like that, Gran'pa?"

"If they succeed in making atomic power available there certainly could be!" Grandpa Vann said firmly. "Only thing that really holds them back now is that there's no way of carrying enough of our present kinds of fuel!"

"Boy, a lot sure depends on the atom, doesn't it?" Tommy said, his eyes sparkling. "Now that you've explained how far back it was that people started working with rockets, and how much has been done since then, I betcha our scientists will get us atomic power before too long!"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Gran'pa agreed, smiling. "I wouldn't be surprised at all."

THE END

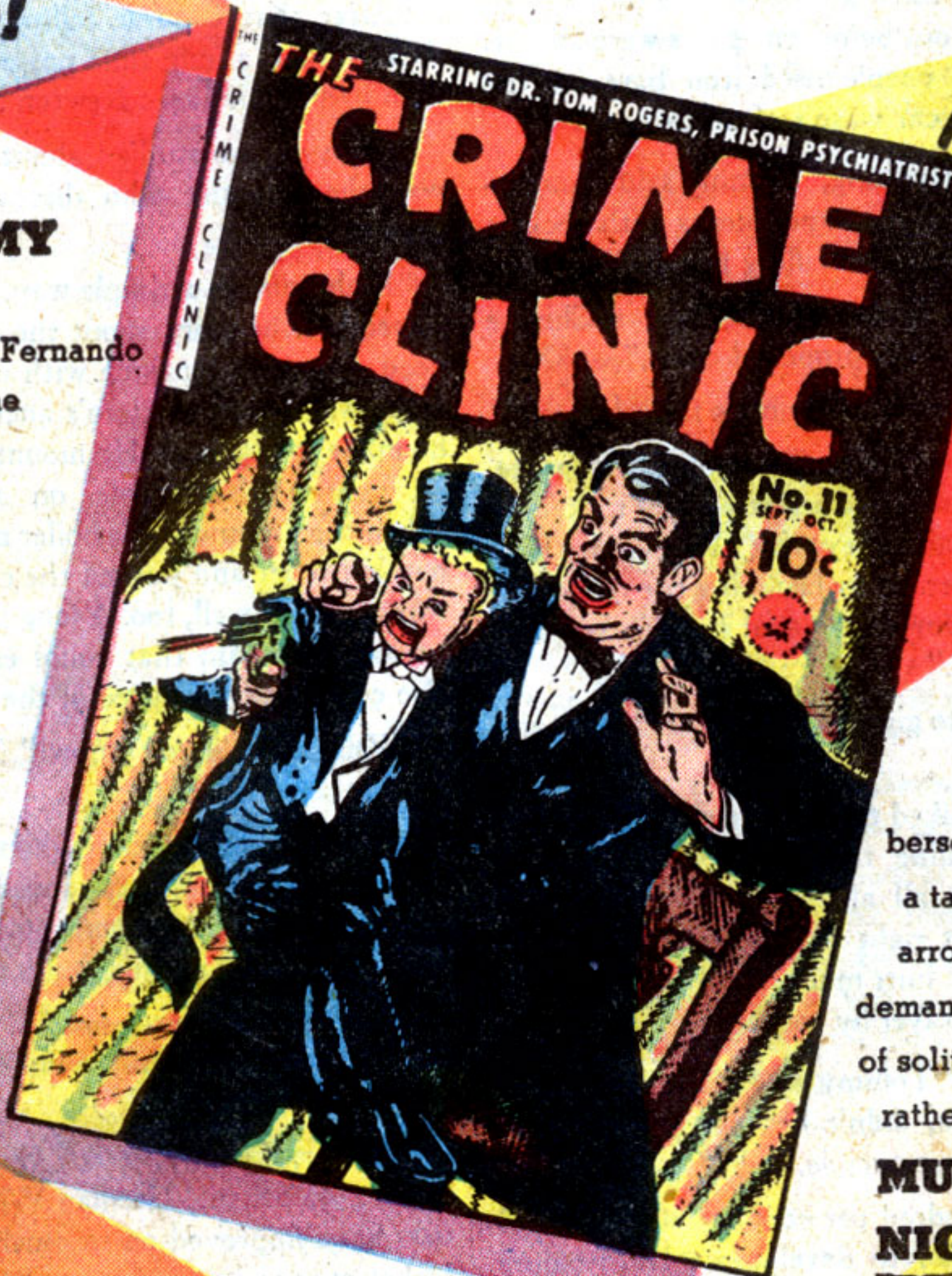


**READ!  
SEE!**

**EXCITEMENT! THRILLS! SUSPENSE!**

## THE DUMMY KILLER

No one believed Fernando the Great when he screamed, "My Dummy is the Killer!"... no one, that is, except Dr. Tom Rogers. But how could the Doctor prove the ventriloquist's dummy had committed murder?



**Now on  
Sale!**

Why did model prisoner "Moose" Hardin suddenly go berserk when he saw a tattooed heart and arrow? Why did he demand the black hole of solitary confinement rather than reveal his **MURDERER'S NIGHTMARE!**

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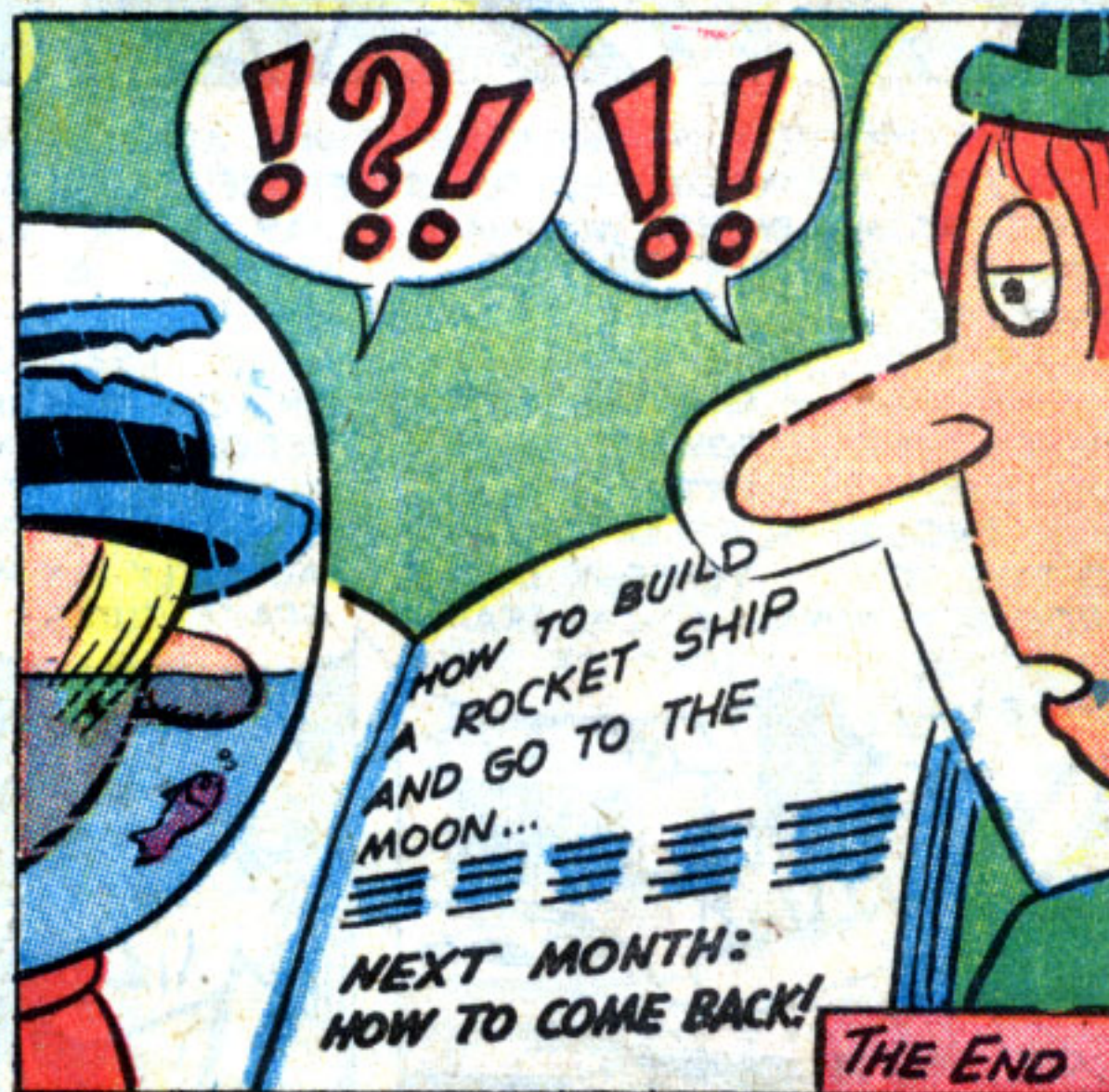
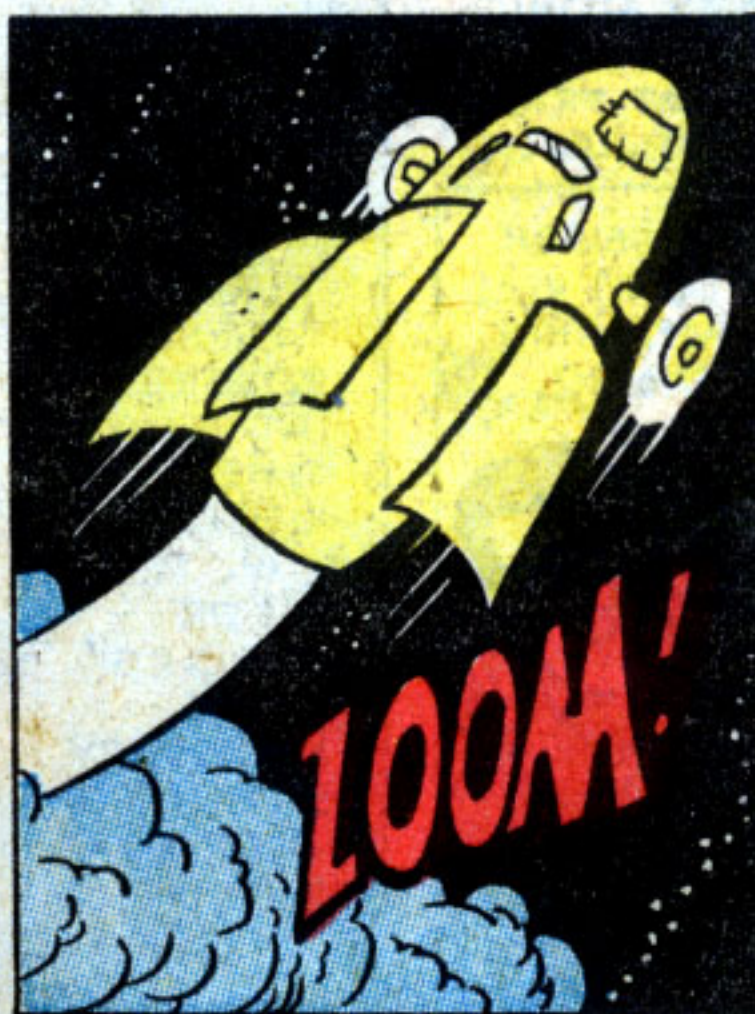
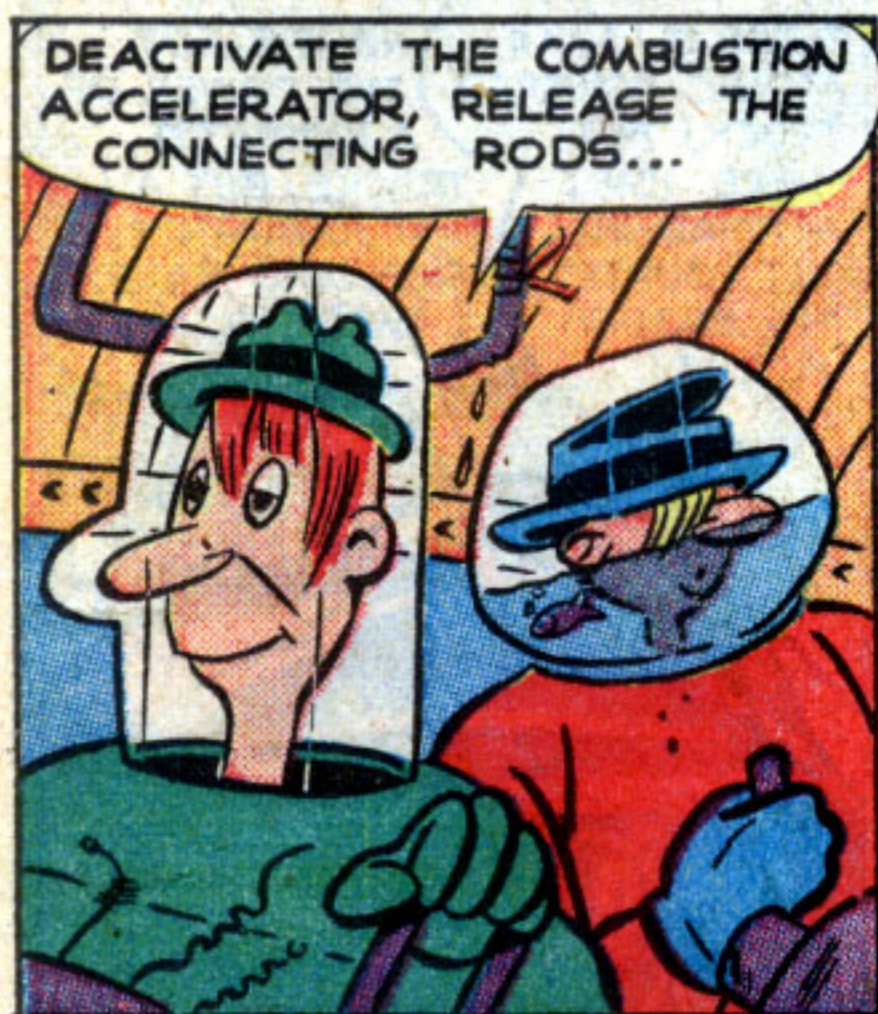
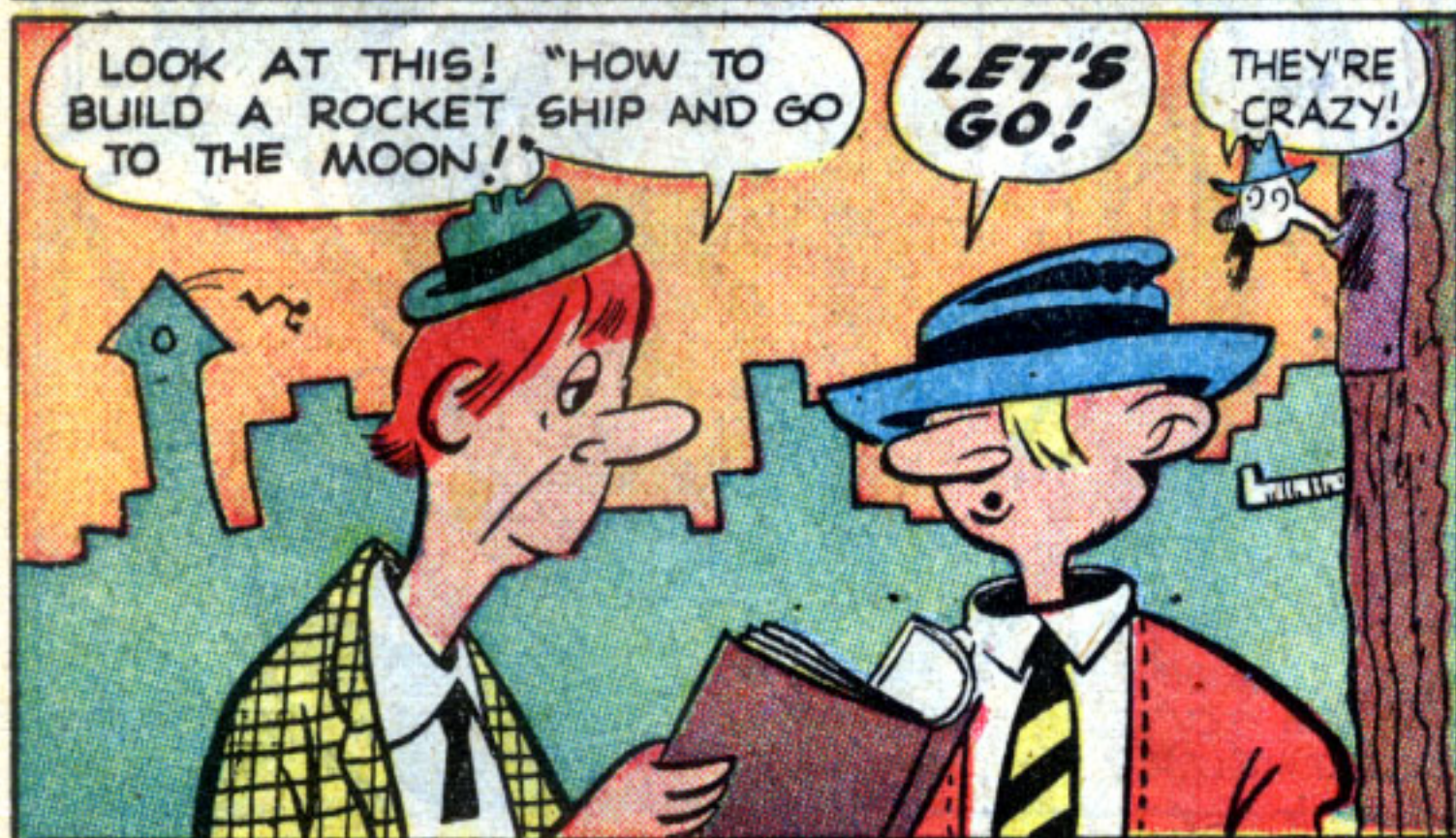
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# COSMIC CREEPS





SO FAR, SPLITTING THE ATOM HAS MEANT, IN THE MAIN, THE PRODUCTION OF A HORRIFYING WEAPON OF WAR, BUT HERE IS WHAT THE ATOM CAN DO FOR PEACE...

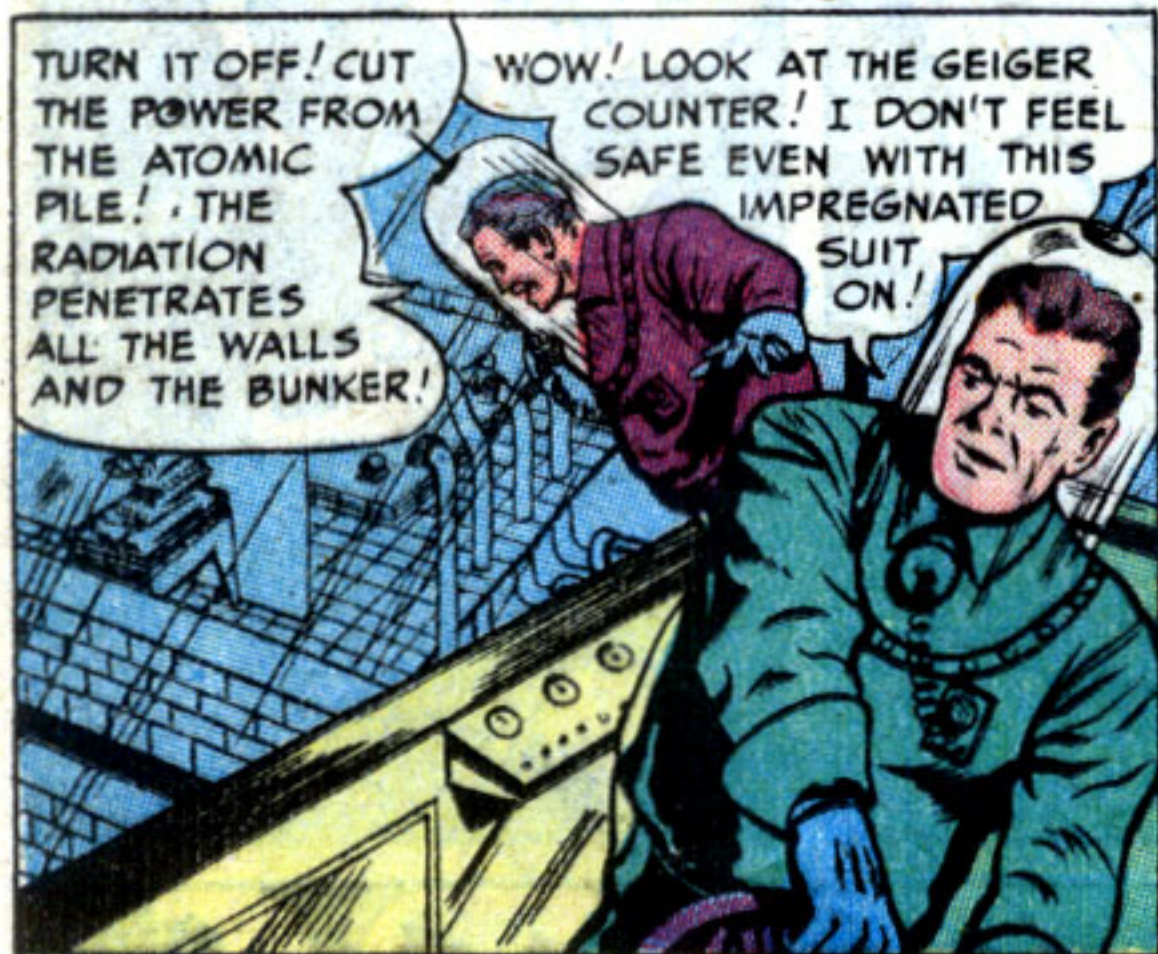
# "What the Atom can do for Peace!"

EVEN NOW EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CARRIED ON TO USE THE POWER OF THE ATOM TO CONQUER CANCER, AMERICA'S BIGGEST KILLER...

THE POWER THAT CAN BE GENERATED BY ATOMIC FISSION IS ENDLESS. HOWEVER, AT PRESENT, RADIATION DANGERS ARE SO GREAT THAT PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THIS POWER IS DIFFICULT...

TURN IT OFF! CUT THE POWER FROM THE ATOMIC PILE! THE RADIATION PENETRATES ALL THE WALLS AND THE BUNKER!

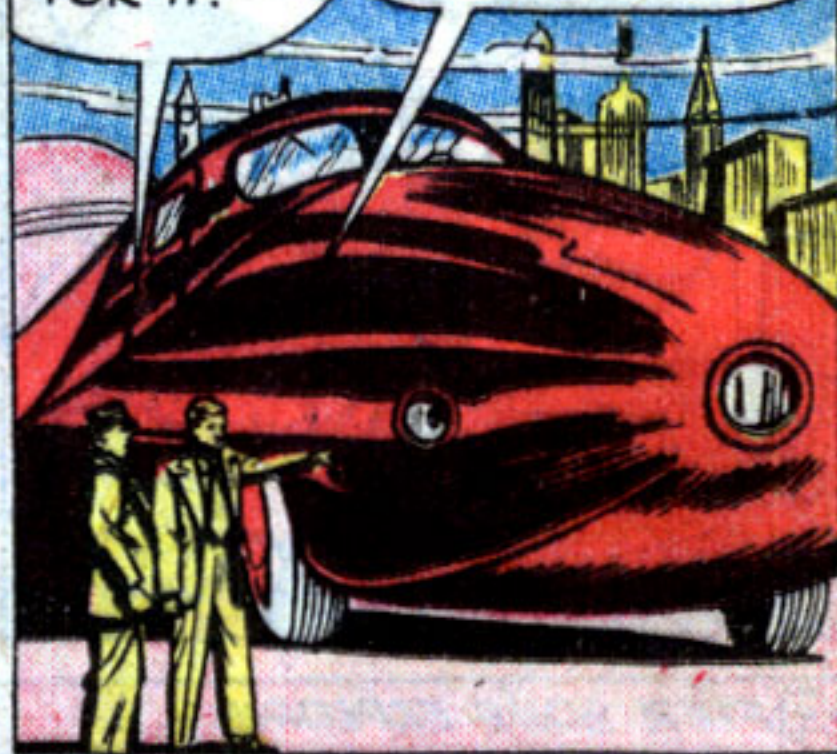
WOW! LOOK AT THE GEIGER COUNTER! I DON'T FEEL SAFE EVEN WITH THIS IMPREGNATED SUIT ON!



BECAUSE OF THE TERRIFIC DANGER OF RADIATION BURNS IT IS NOT POSSIBLE AT THIS TIME TO UTILIZE ATOMIC POWER FOR VEHICLES! THE NECESSARY SAFEGUARDS WOULD MAKE THE VEHICLES TOO CLUMSY...

THERE IT IS, AN ATOMIC-POWERED TRUCK! BUT THERE ISN'T A ROAD IN THE COUNTRY BIG ENOUGH FOR IT!

NO, IT'S GOT THE POWER OF A HUNDRED TRUCKS, BUT ALL THAT RADIATION SHIELDING MAKES IT IMPRACTICAL!



ONCE THE DIFFICULTY OF PROVIDING LIGHTWEIGHT RADIATION SHIELDS IS SOLVED, ATOMIC ENERGY WILL MAKE EVERY OTHER KNOWN FORM OF POWER OBSOLETE. TAKE RAILROADS FOR INSTANCE...

WITH ATOMIC POWER IT IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE THAT MAN MAY BE ABLE TO FLY WITHOUT AN AIRPLANE...

THERE'S YOUR FUEL SUPPLY, MIKE! ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FROM NEW YORK TO FRISCO AND BACK!

AHH! THIS ATOMIC POWER! THAT LITTLE CAPSULE GENERATES MORE ENERGY THAN A 40-CAR TRAIN-LOAD OF OIL!



WHEN I WAS A BOY I USED TO READ THIS KIND OF STUFF IN THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES - BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY FOLKS WOULD ACTUALLY FLY WITH ATOMIC SPACE-SUITS!



AND ONCE THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF ATOMIC ENERGY CAN BE HARNESSSED WITHOUT BULKY RADIATION PROTECTION, IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT INTER-PLANETARY FLIGHTS WILL BE COMMONPLACE...

AMY! AMY NELSON! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE ON VENUS! MY, WHAT A SMALL UNIVERSE IT IS!

SARAH! WELL, WAIT UNTIL I TELL YOU WHAT I HEARD FROM MRS. MCGOORTY, OVER ON SATURN YESTERDAY. SHE SAID THAT...





# The RED HILLS of UGANDA

AFRICA, THE DARK CONTINENT IS STILL THE LAND OF MYSTERY. BEYOND THE VELD T WHERE THE DENSE JUNGLE GROWTH BEGINS—CIVILIZATION STOPS. HERE NATURE IS IN COMMAND, AND SOMETIMES EVEN NATURE CAN MAKE MISTAKES—**HORRIBLE** ONES. THIS IS THE STORY ABOUT ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE "FREAKS OF NATURE" AND THREE AMERICANS WHO DARED TO VENTURE INTO THE STRANGE—**RED HILLS OF UGANDA!**



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE TANGANYIKA HEAD-QUARTERS OF FRANK DUMONT, BIG-GAME HUNTER AND CRACK JUNGLE GUIDE...

MR. DUMONT, MY NAME IS MARTA SVENSTROM. I HEARD YOU ARE THE BEST JUNGLE GUIDE IN TANGANYIKA. I—I'M DESPERATELY IN NEED OF YOUR HELP!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO ANYTHING I CAN! WHAT IS IT?

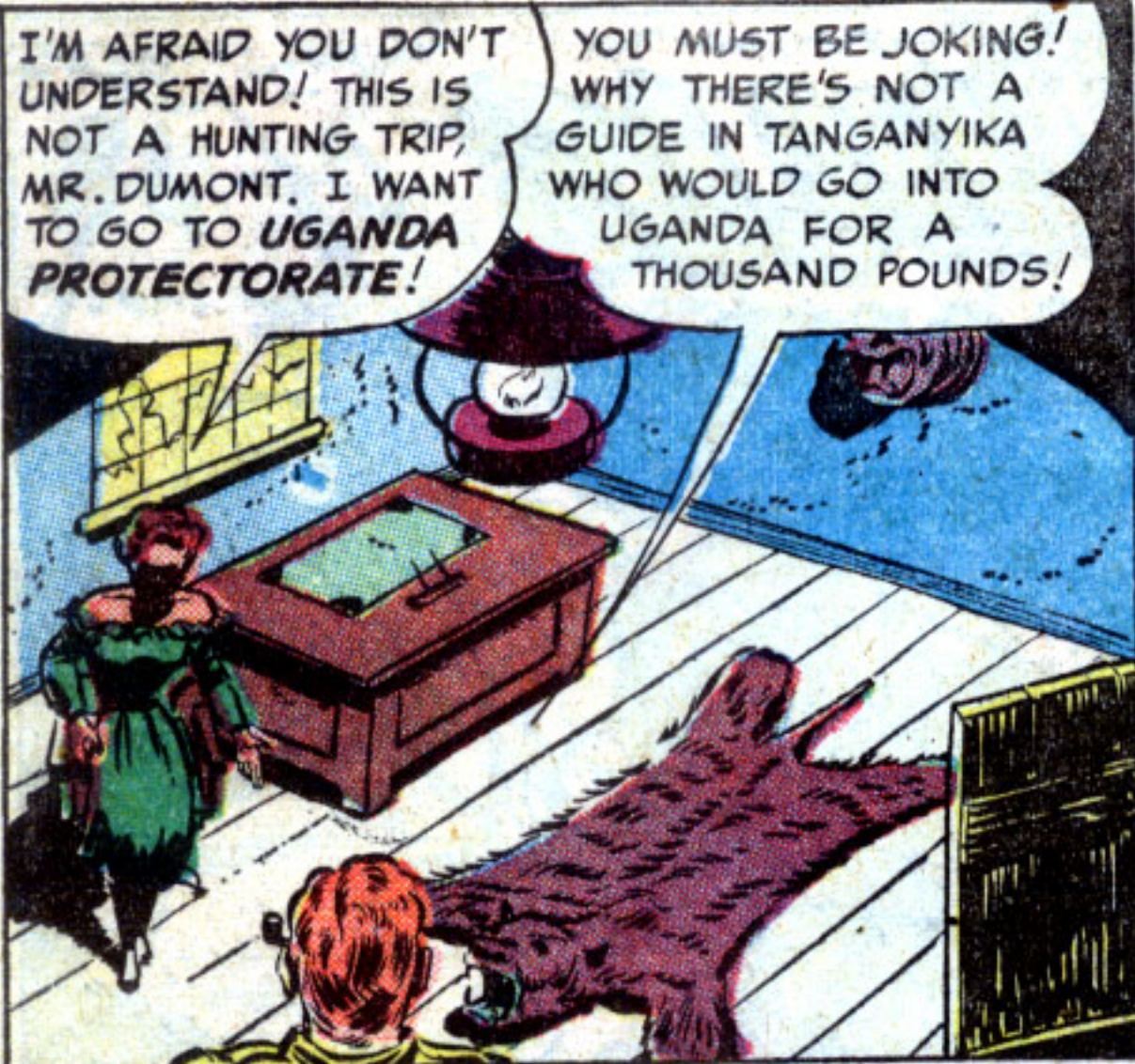


I NEED SOMEONE—SOMEONE WITH YOUR EXPERIENCE TO LEAD A SAFARI FOR ME! WE MUST GO AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

NOW HOLD ON A MINUTE! ONE JUST DOESN'T GO **RACING** OFF INTO THE JUNGLE! YOU HAVE TO GET HUNTING PERMITS FOR YOUR PARTY AND WAIT FOR THE BEST WEATHER FOR THE GAME YOU'RE AFTER!







I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS NOT A HUNTING TRIP, MR. DUMONT. I WANT TO GO TO **UGANDA PROTECTORATE!**

YOU MUST BE JOKING! WHY THERE'S NOT A GUIDE IN TANGANYIKA WHO WOULD GO INTO UGANDA FOR A THOUSAND POUNDS!



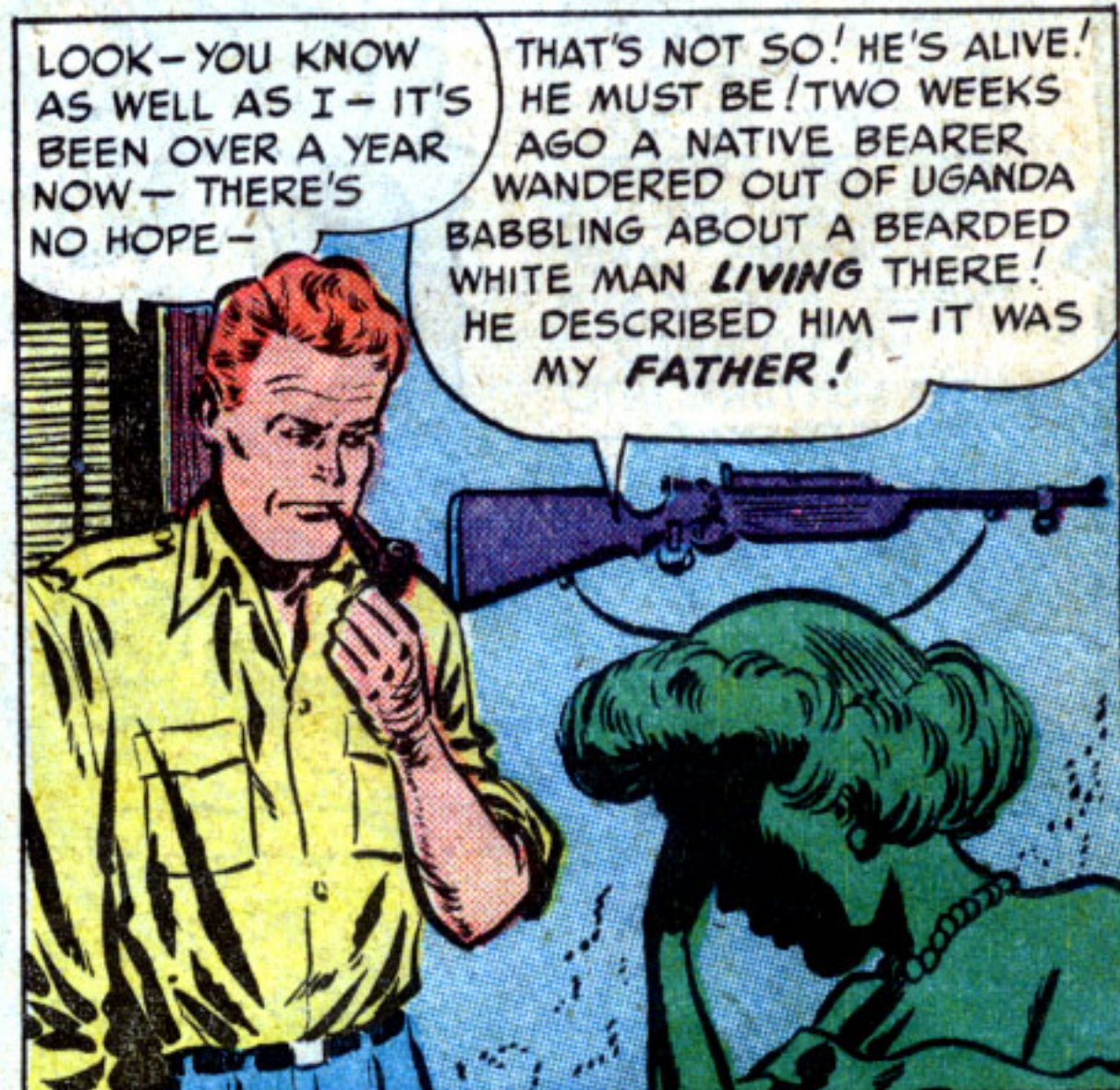
WHY JUST LAST YEAR SOME FOOL TOOK AN EXPEDITION INTO UGANDA AND HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE! SOME OLD NATURALIST WHO DIDN'T HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO STAY IN HIS MUSEUM!

I KNOW... THAT WAS MY FATHER... DR. GUNNAR SVENSTROM.



I-I'M SORRY—I DIDN'T KNOW.

I BEGGED HIM NOT TO GO, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN. HE HAD SOME WILD NOTIONS ABOUT NEW SPECIES IN UGANDA. HE—SOB—MY POOR FATHER!



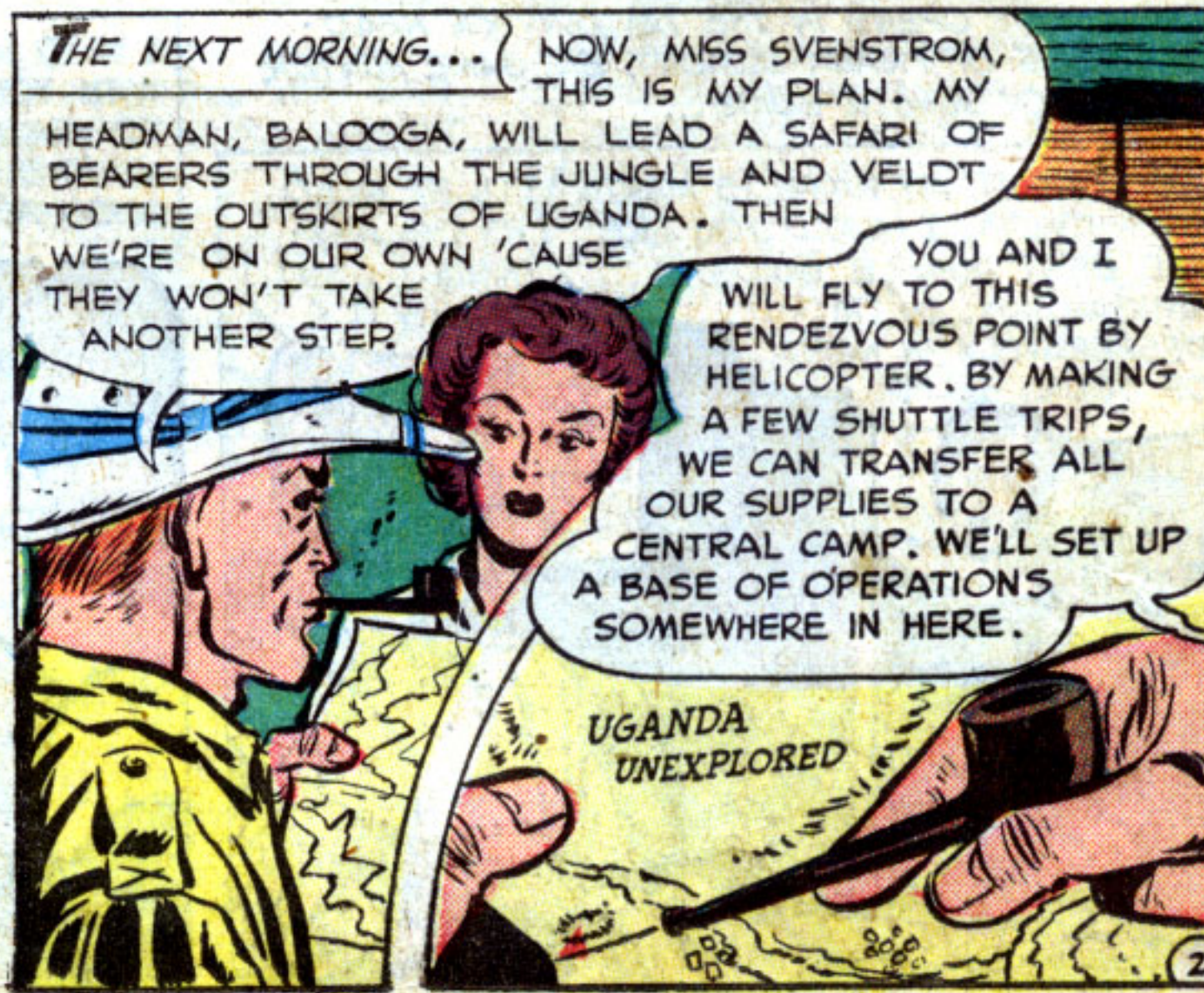
LOOK—YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I—IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR NOW—THERE'S NO HOPE—

THAT'S NOT SO! HE'S ALIVE! HE MUST BE! TWO WEEKS AGO A NATIVE BEARER WANDERED OUT OF UGANDA BABBLING ABOUT A BEARDED WHITE MAN **LIVING** THERE! HE DESCRIBED HIM—IT WAS MY **FATHER!**



I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM—PLEASE...

I—ALL RIGHT, MISS SVENSTROM. I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET INTO UGANDA. WE'LL START PREPARATIONS IN THE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING...

NOW, MISS SVENSTROM, THIS IS MY PLAN. MY HEADMAN, BALOOGA, WILL LEAD A SAFARI OF BEARERS THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND VELDT TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF UGANDA. THEN WE'RE ON OUR OWN 'CAUSE THEY WON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP.

YOU AND I WILL FLY TO THIS RENDEZVOUS POINT BY HELICOPTER. BY MAKING A FEW SHUTTLE TRIPS, WE CAN TRANSFER ALL OUR SUPPLIES TO A CENTRAL CAMP. WE'LL SET UP A BASE OF OPERATIONS SOMEWHERE IN HERE.

UGANDA UNEXPLORED

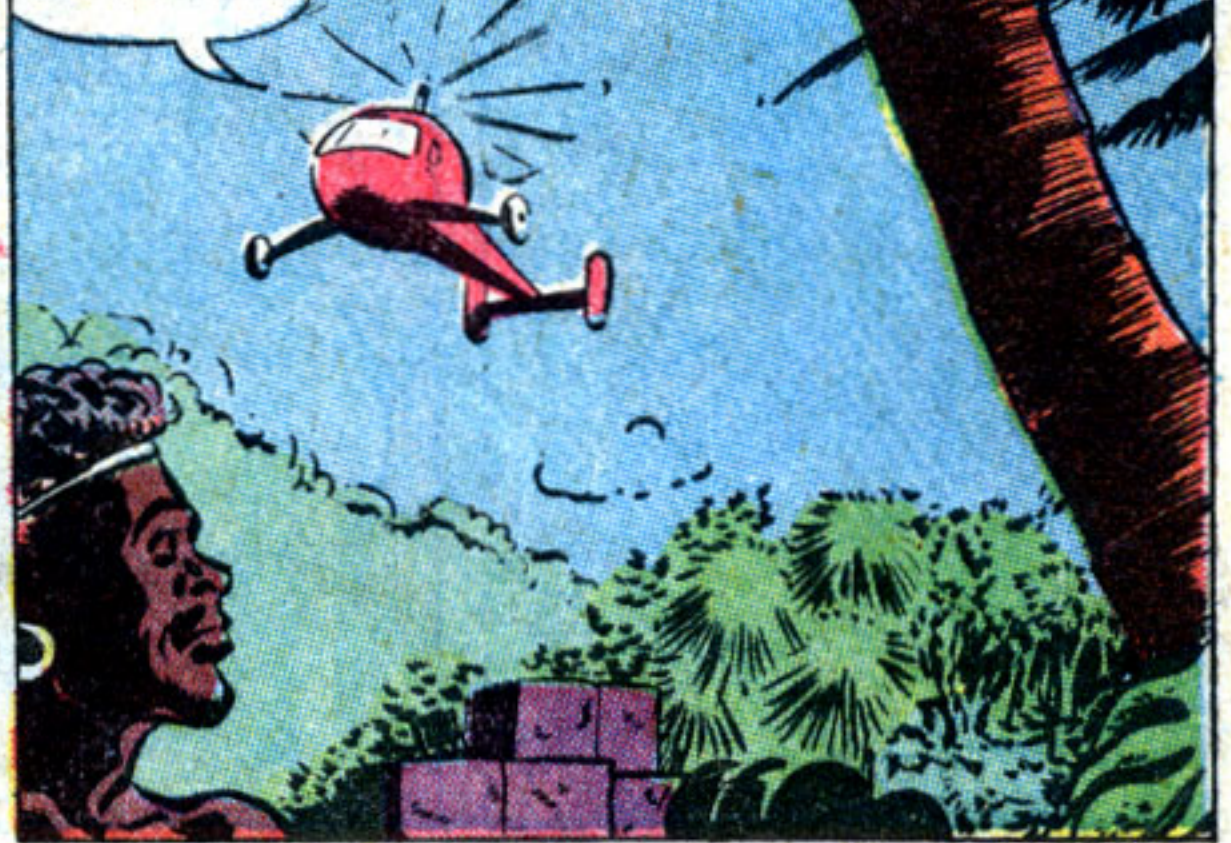


WHEN OUR CAMP IS SET UP, BALOOGA AND I WILL START LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER WITH THE HELICOPTER! THERE'S A REMOTE POSSIBILITY WE MIGHT LOCATE HIM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

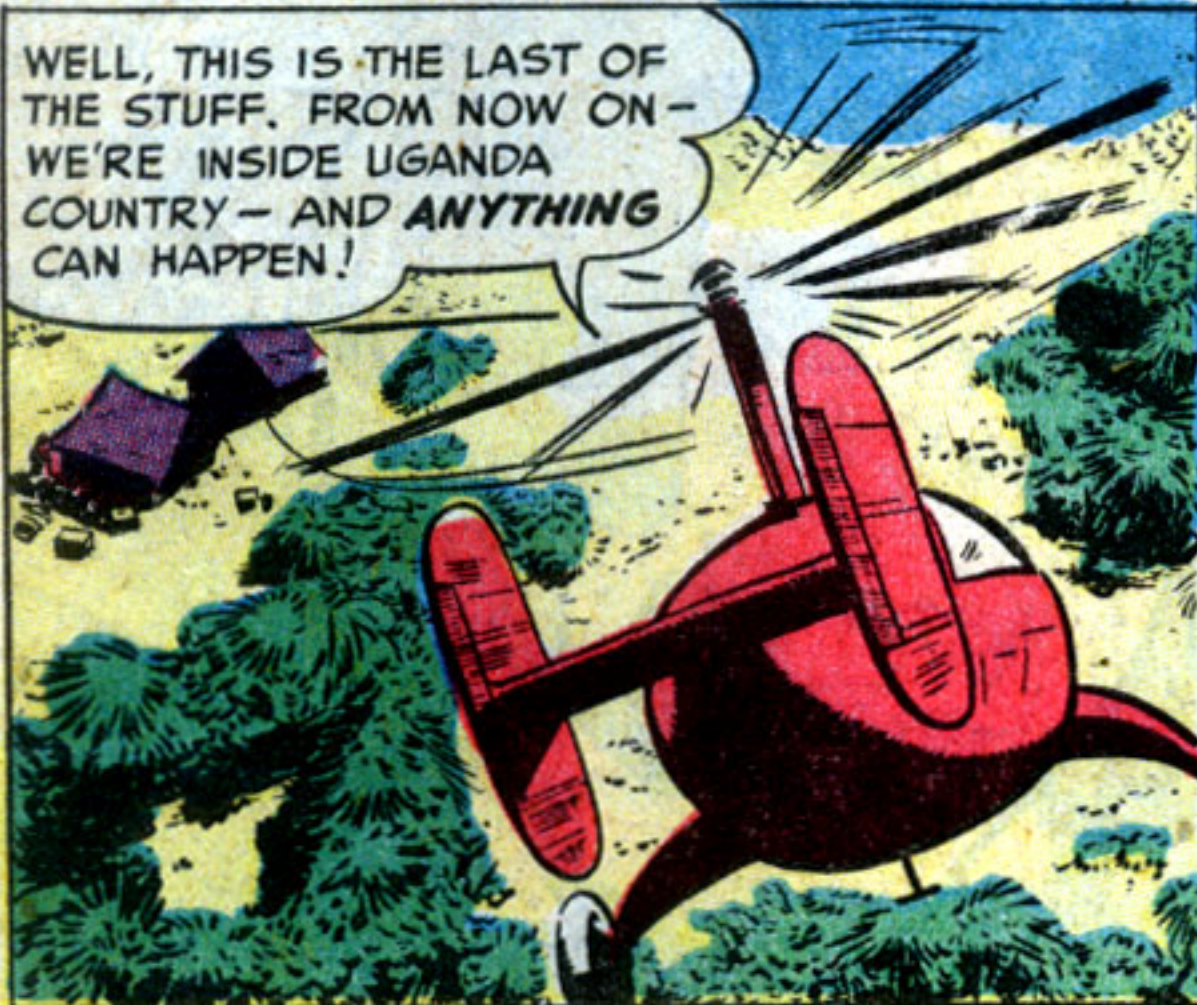
EVERYTHING IS ON SCHEDULE! THERE'S BALOOGA WITH THE BEARERS AND THE SUPPLIES...



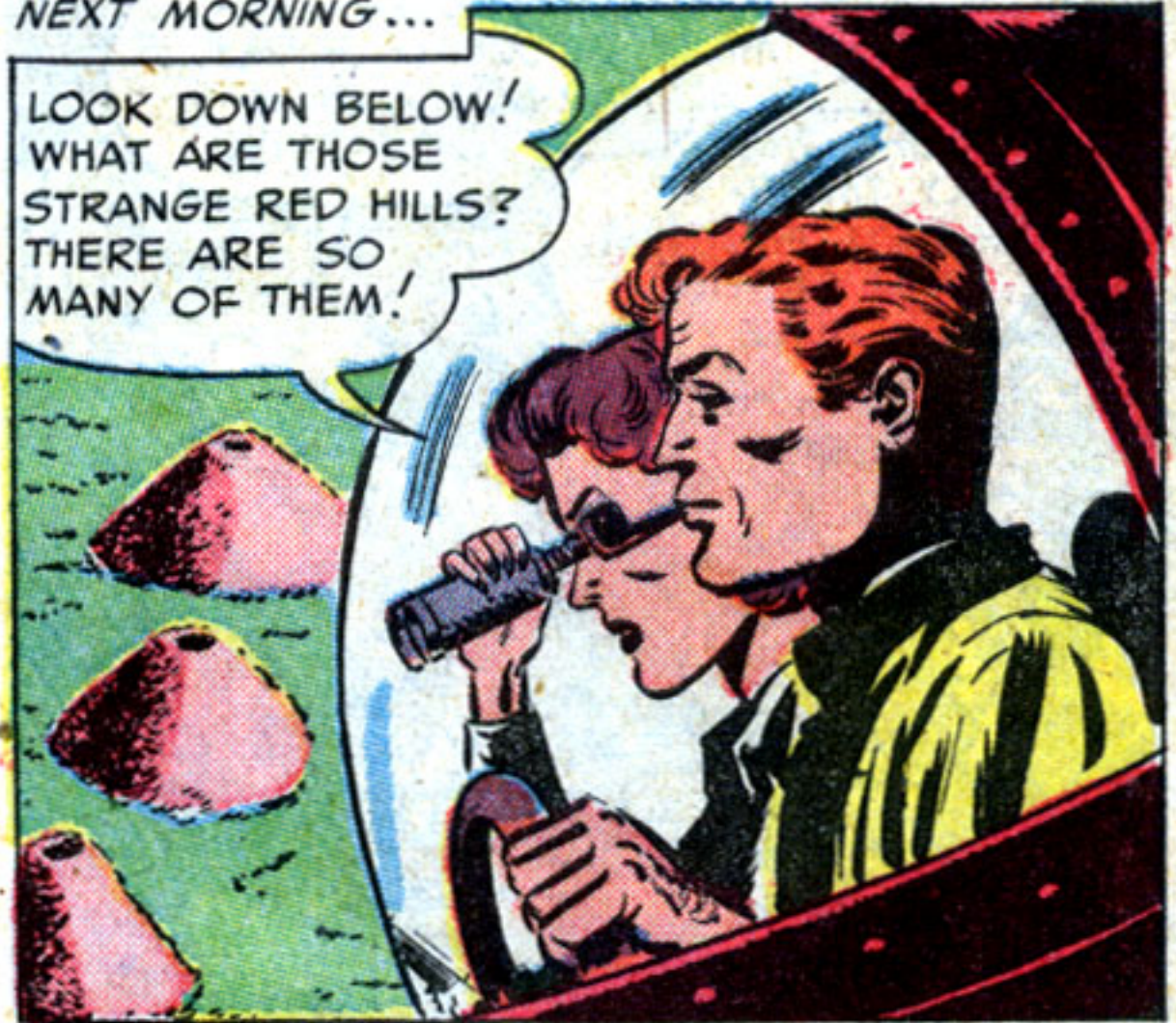
FOLLOWING HIS PLAN, DUMONT SENDS THE BEARERS BACK, AND TRANSFERS HIS SUPPLIES TO A CAMP INSIDE THE JUNGLE...

LEAVING BALOOGA TO GUARD THE CAMP, FRANK AND MARTA START SCOUTING EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, THIS IS THE LAST OF THE STUFF. FROM NOW ON—WE'RE INSIDE UGANDA COUNTRY—AND **ANYTHING** CAN HAPPEN!



LOOK DOWN BELOW! WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE RED HILLS? THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM!



I CAN'T TELL FROM HERE. PROBABLY ANOTHER OF THE STRANGE TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THIS AREA. WE CAN'T STOP TO SIGHT-SEE, MISS SVENSTROM.

OF COURSE... LET'S GO ON!

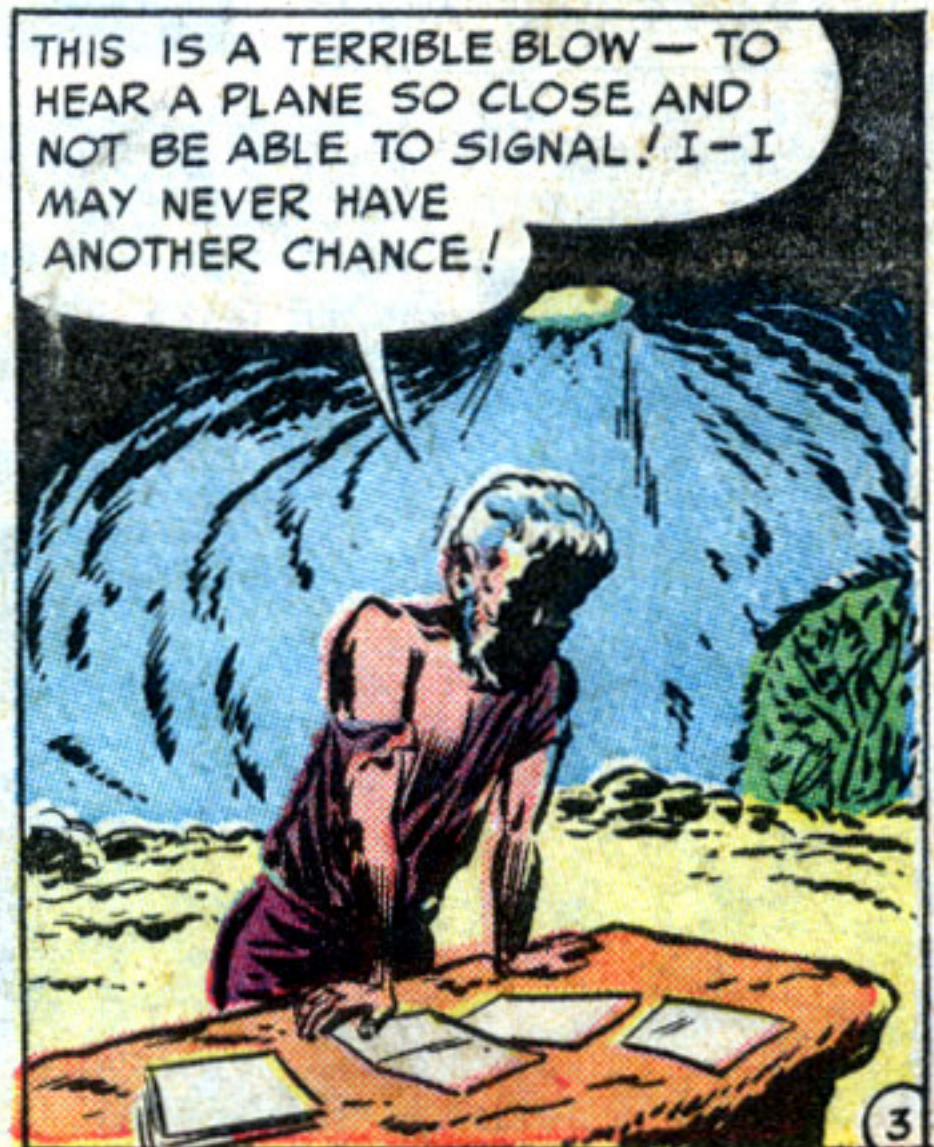


MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THE RED HILLS JUST BELOW...

A PLANE—I HEAR A PLANE! BUT... NO!!—IT'S PASSING—GOING AWAY—AND I CAN'T SIGNAL THEM!



THIS IS A TERRIBLE BLOW—TO HEAR A PLANE SO CLOSE AND NOT BE ABLE TO SIGNAL! I—I MAY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE!

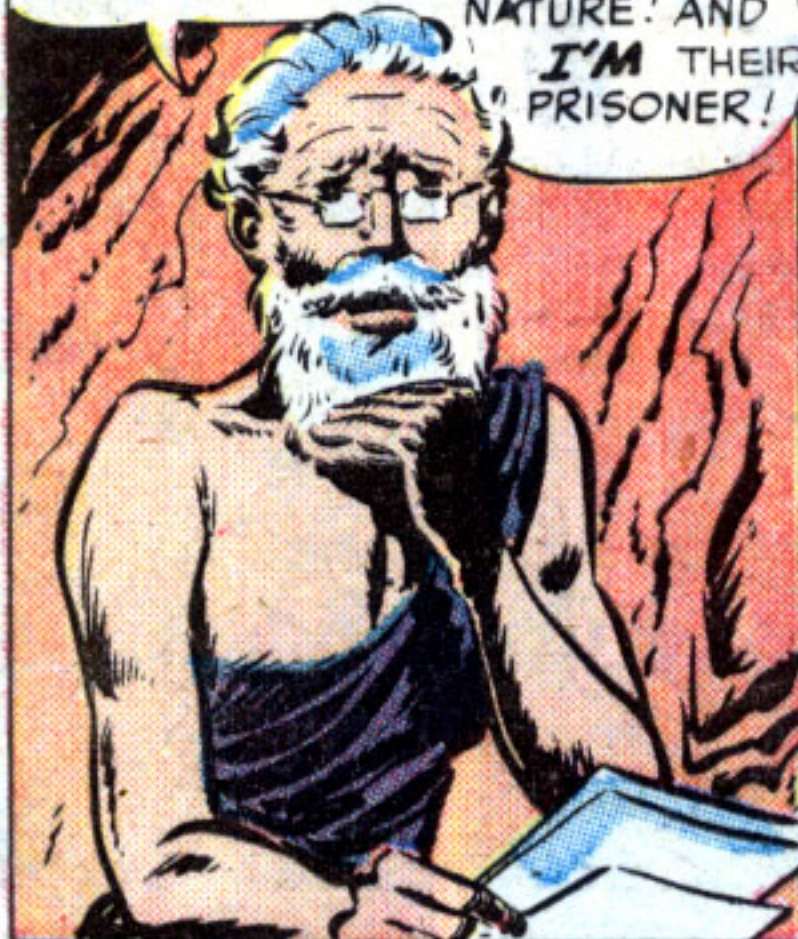




MAYBE SOME DAY MY DIARY  
WILL BE FOUND - THEN THE  
CIVILIZED WORLD WILL KNOW  
THE WHOLE **HORRIBLE**  
STORY!



IT'S SO **FANTASTIC!** WHO WOULD  
BELIEVE THAT A RACE OF  
**GIANT ANTS** LIVES HERE IN  
THE JUNGLE? FREAKS OF  
NATURE! AND  
**I'M** THEIR  
PRISONER!



HERE'S ONE OF THE MONSTERS  
WITH MY DINNER! I  
WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER  
THEY'LL KEEP ME ALIVE - A  
MUSEUM PIECE FOR THEIR  
IDLE CURIOSITY.



THAT NIGHT, AT DUMONT'S CAMP...

WE MUST HAVE COVERED FORTY  
SQUARE MILES OF JUNGLE TODAY...  
AND NOT A SIGN  
OF FATHER.

BUCK UP - THIS  
IS ONLY THE FIRST  
DAY. WE'LL FIND HIM  
IF HE'S STILL  
ALIVE!



HE IS - I KNOW HE IS!  
OH, FRANK - WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND HIM!

SURE, MARTA -  
SURE!



AND LATER THAT NIGHT...

BWANA - ME  
HEAR LADY  
CRY IN TENT!

YES, BALOOGA. I THINK  
SHE'S BEGINNING TO  
REALIZE THAT IT'S  
HOPELESS - A FEW  
MORE DAYS AND WE'LL  
BE GETTING OUT OF  
THIS PLACE.



MEANWHILE - IN THE RED HILLS...

THAT PLANE - I CAN'T GET  
IT OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT IF  
BY SOME CHANCE IT SHOULD  
PASS **AGAIN?** I **MUST** THINK  
OF A WAY TO **SIGNAL** IT!





I HAVE IT! THESE DRY LEAVES! I CAN USE MY SPECTACLES AS A MAGNIFYING GLASS AND SET FIRE TO THESE LEAVES. THEN PUSH THEM OUT OF THAT AIR HOLE! NOW I MUST **PRAY** THAT THE PLANE PASSES AGAIN!



I KNOW, FRANK. IT'S HOPELESS, I GUESS. LET'S GO BACK!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

MARTA, THIS IS IT! WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE ENTIRE PROVINCE TWICE... AND NO SIGN OF A CAMP. WHEN WE PASS THE RED HILLS AGAIN, WE'LL BE NEARLY BACK TO OUR CLEARING.



I HEAR THE MOTOR AGAIN! NOW! — NOW TO START THESE LEAVES **BURNING!**



FRANK, I DON'T— **LOOK! SMOKE!**

WHA—? BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT! WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S **FIRE!** AND WHERE THERE'S FIRE THERE'S **SOMEONE** MAKING IT!



COME ON, MARTA — IT'S COMING FROM THAT MOUND! THERE SEEMS TO BE AN ENTRANCE OF SOME SORT!



I'LL RIP SOME OF THIS STUFF AWAY AND —

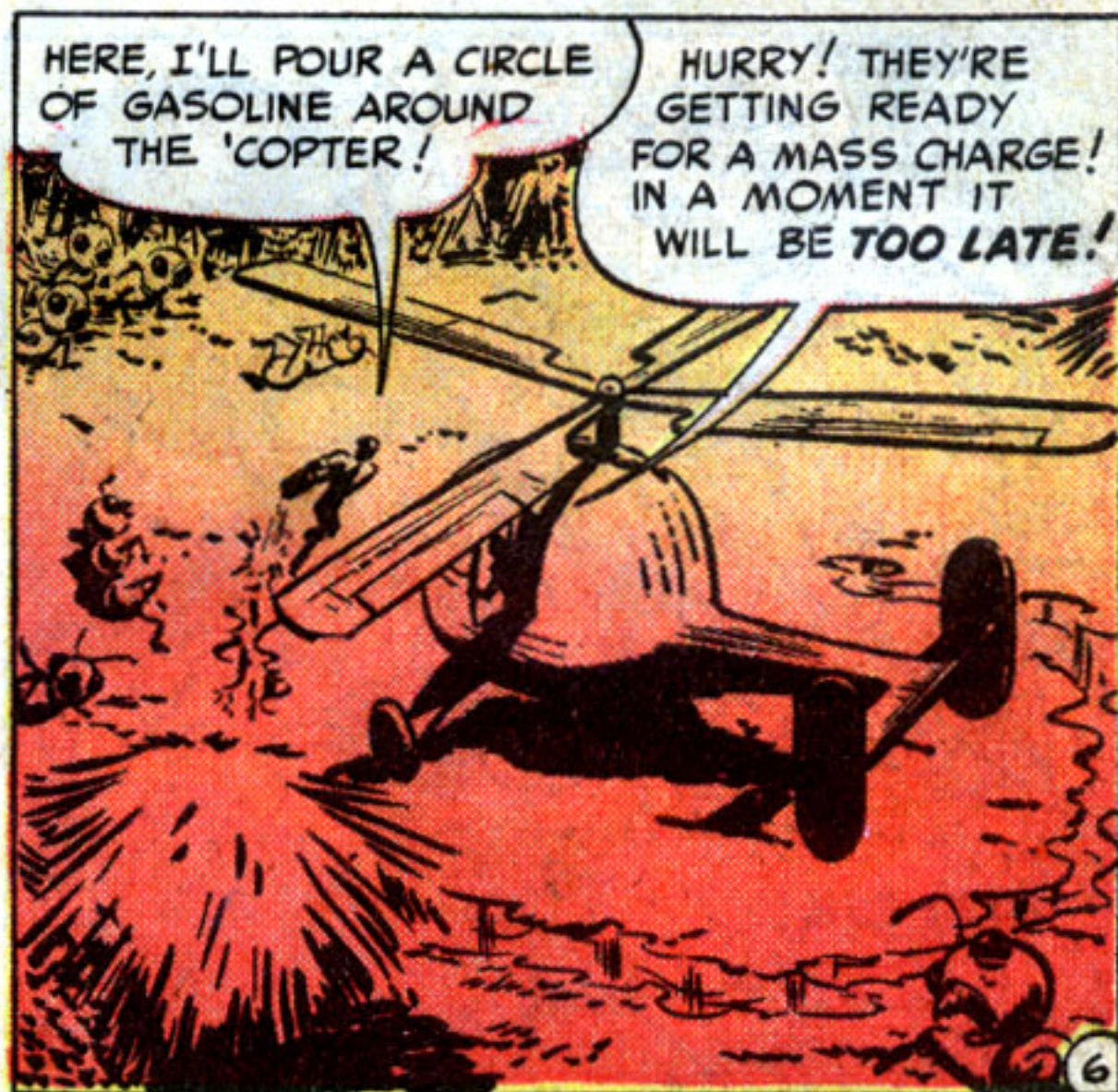
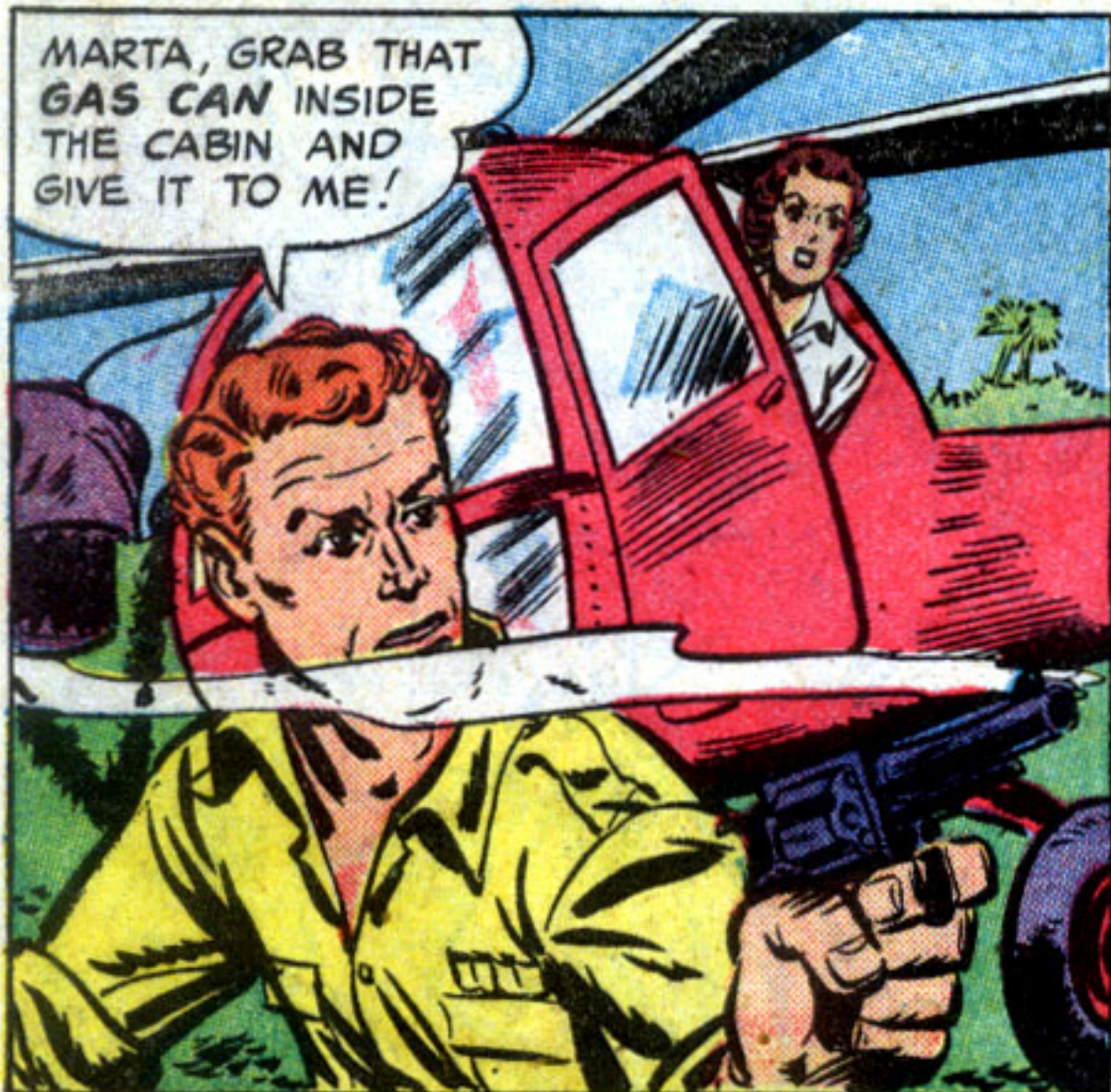
**FRANK! HELP!**



GOOD GRIEF, MARTA! **STAND BACK!**











THERE! THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A MINUTE—LONG ENOUGH TO GET HIS OLD WINDMILL INTO THE AIR—I **HOPE!** QUICK, GET ABOARD!

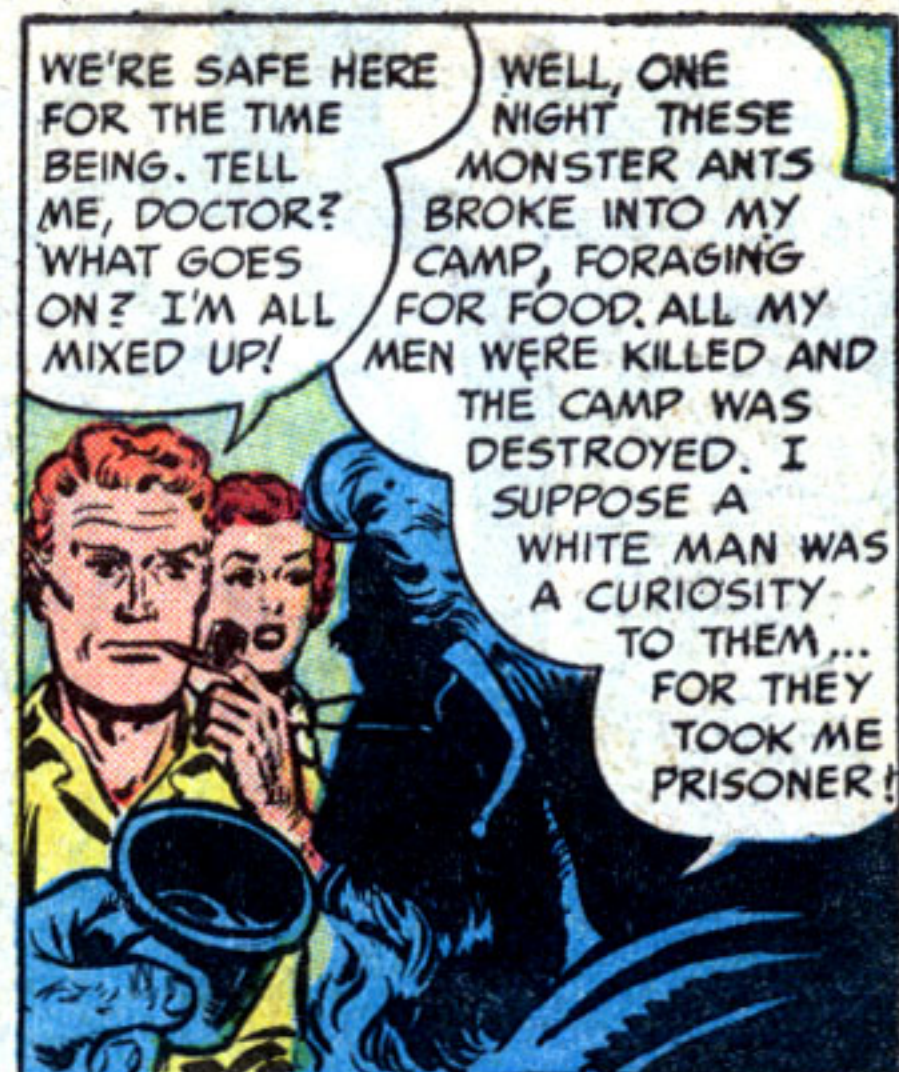
**BAM!**

**WHOOOSH!**

THEN, AS THE FLAMES DIE DOWN... LATER—AT THEIR CAMP...



MADE IT! AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!



WE'RE SAFE HERE FOR THE TIME BEING. TELL ME, DOCTOR? WHAT GOES ON? I'M ALL MIXED UP!

WELL, ONE NIGHT THESE MONSTER ANTS BROKE INTO MY CAMP, FORAGING FOR FOOD. ALL MY MEN WERE KILLED AND THE CAMP WAS DESTROYED. I SUPPOSE A WHITE MAN WAS A CURIOSITY TO THEM... FOR THEY TOOK ME PRISONER!

SOMEHOW, THROUGH A FREAK OF NATURE, THESE INSECTS HAVE DEVELOPED INTO MONSTROUS SIZE. THEY ARE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND **MURDEROUS!** AND THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM IN THAT COLONY!



I FEAR NOW THAT WE HAVE DISRUPTED THEIR CAMP, THEY WILL BEGIN A **MARCH** JUST LIKE THE SMALL ANTS SOMETIMES DO, ONLY WITH A THOUSAND TIMES GREATER ABILITY TO DESTROY!



A **MARCH?**

YES, **ANT MARCHES** ARE THE SCOURGE OF THE JUNGLE! THEY FORM A COLUMN LIKE AN ARMY AND MOVE OFF IN A STRAIGHT LINE—DESTROYING EVERY LIVING THING IN THEIR PATH! IT'S TERRIBLE!



AND WITH **THESE** GIGANTIC CREATURES, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW FAR THEY MAY GO—OR THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE THEY MAY DO. THEY COULD CUT A SWATH ACROSS ALL OF AFRICA! THROUGH VILLAGES AND TOWNS—



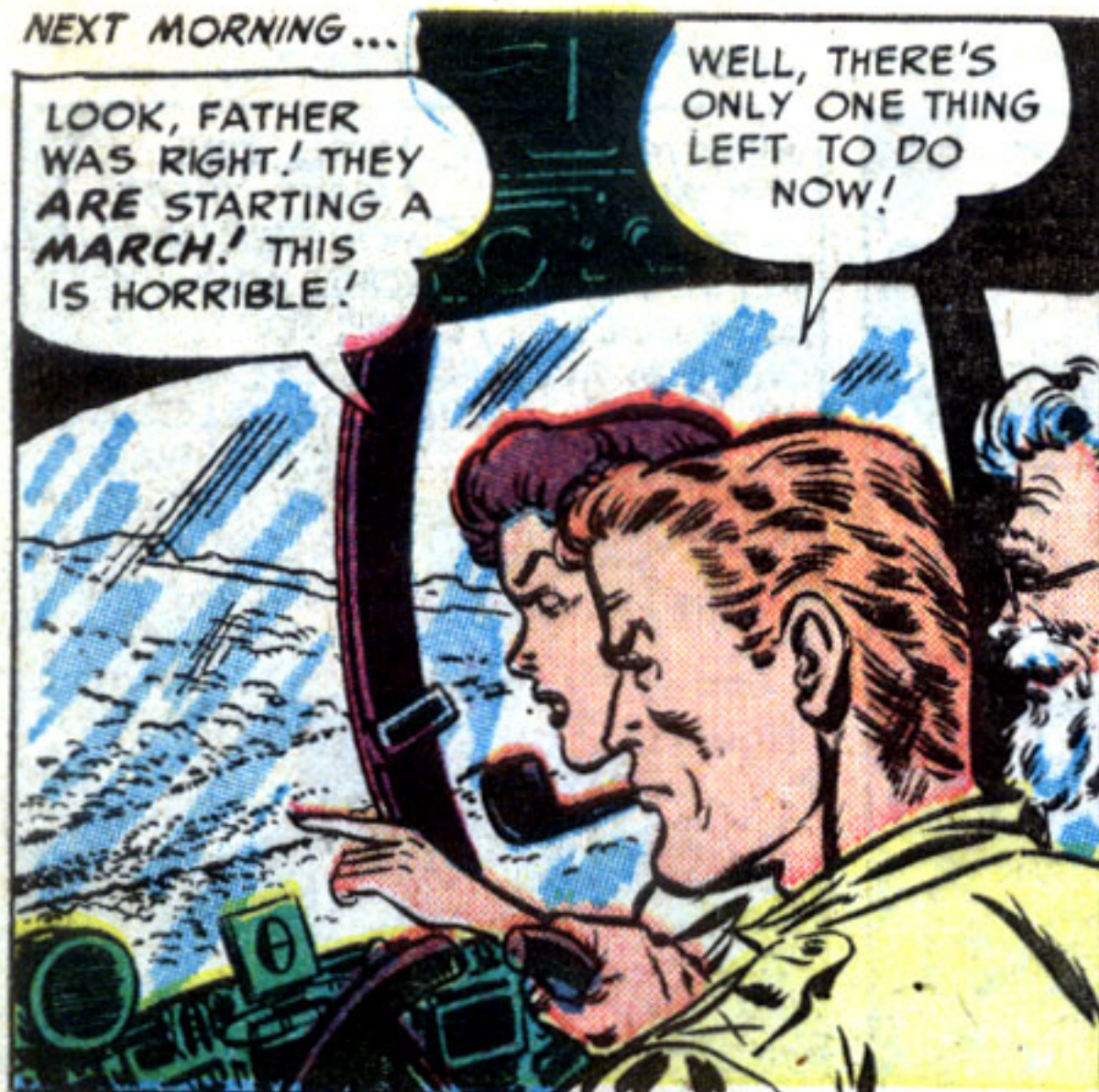
IT WOULD BE **DISASTROUS!**



NEXT MORNING...

LOOK, FATHER WAS RIGHT! THEY ARE STARTING A MARCH! THIS IS HORRIBLE!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO NOW!



HELLO - HELLO! TANGANYIKA AIRPORT? THIS IS DUMONT CALLING FROM UGANDA! I WANT TO TALK TO CAPTAIN MANCHESTER OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CONTINGENT - EMERGENCY!

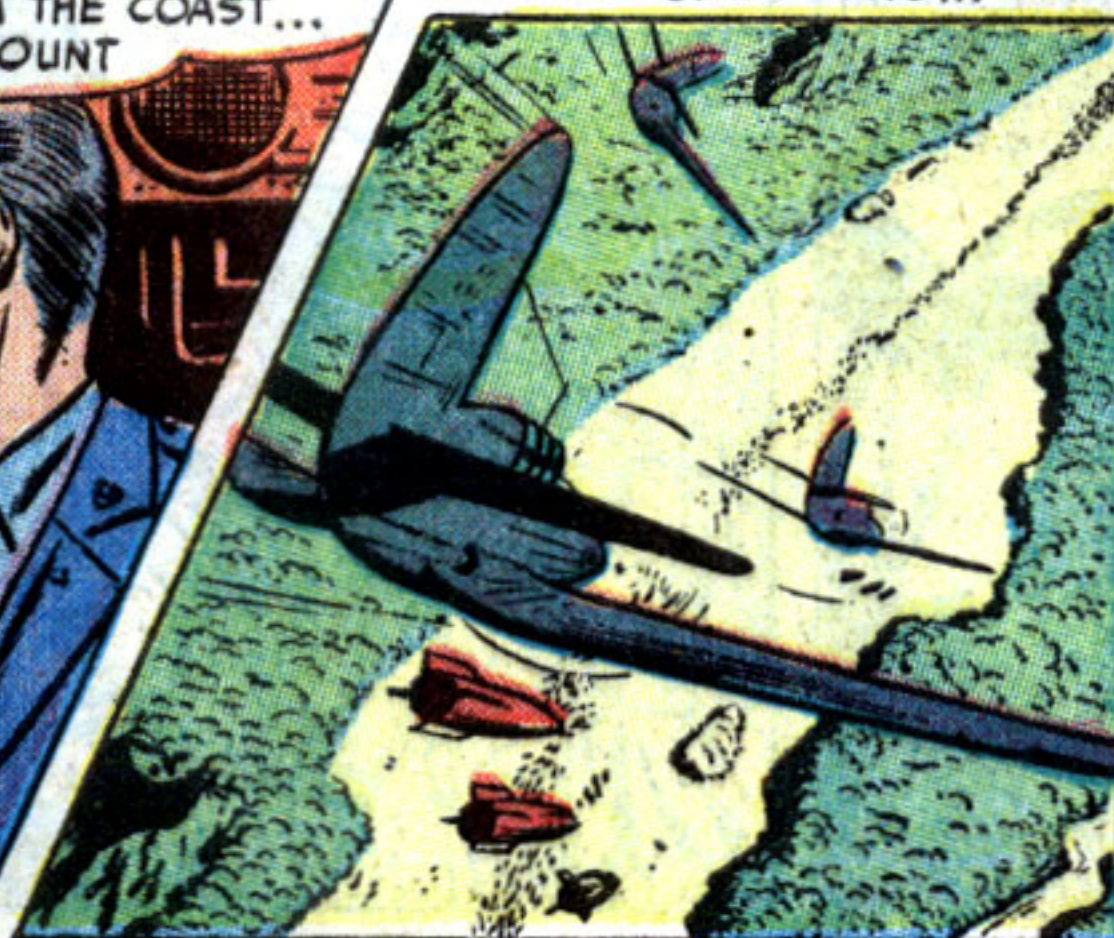


AND IN A FEW MINUTES...

IT SOUNDS HARD TO BELIEVE, FRANK, BUT YOUR WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, I'LL COMMANDEER A SQUADRON FROM THE COAST... YES... YOU CAN COUNT ON US...



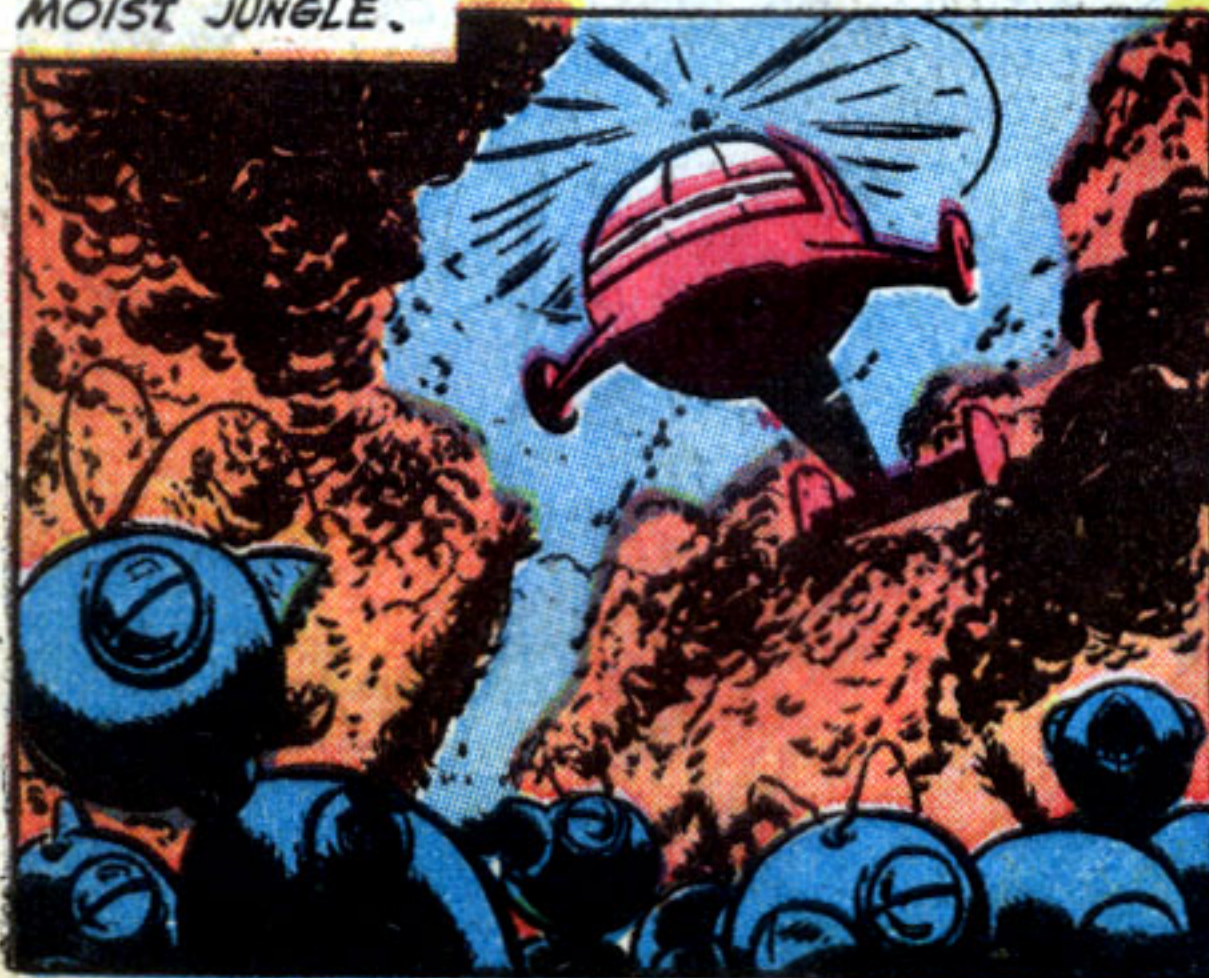
SOON, THE SPITFIRES ARRIVE, AND FOLLOWING FRANK'S DIRECTIONS, DIVE DOWN ON THE COLUMN OF GIANT ANTS...



NAPALM BOMBS! THE DREAD JELLIED GASOLINE THAT SPREADS CLINGING FLAMES WHEREVER IT SPRAYS!



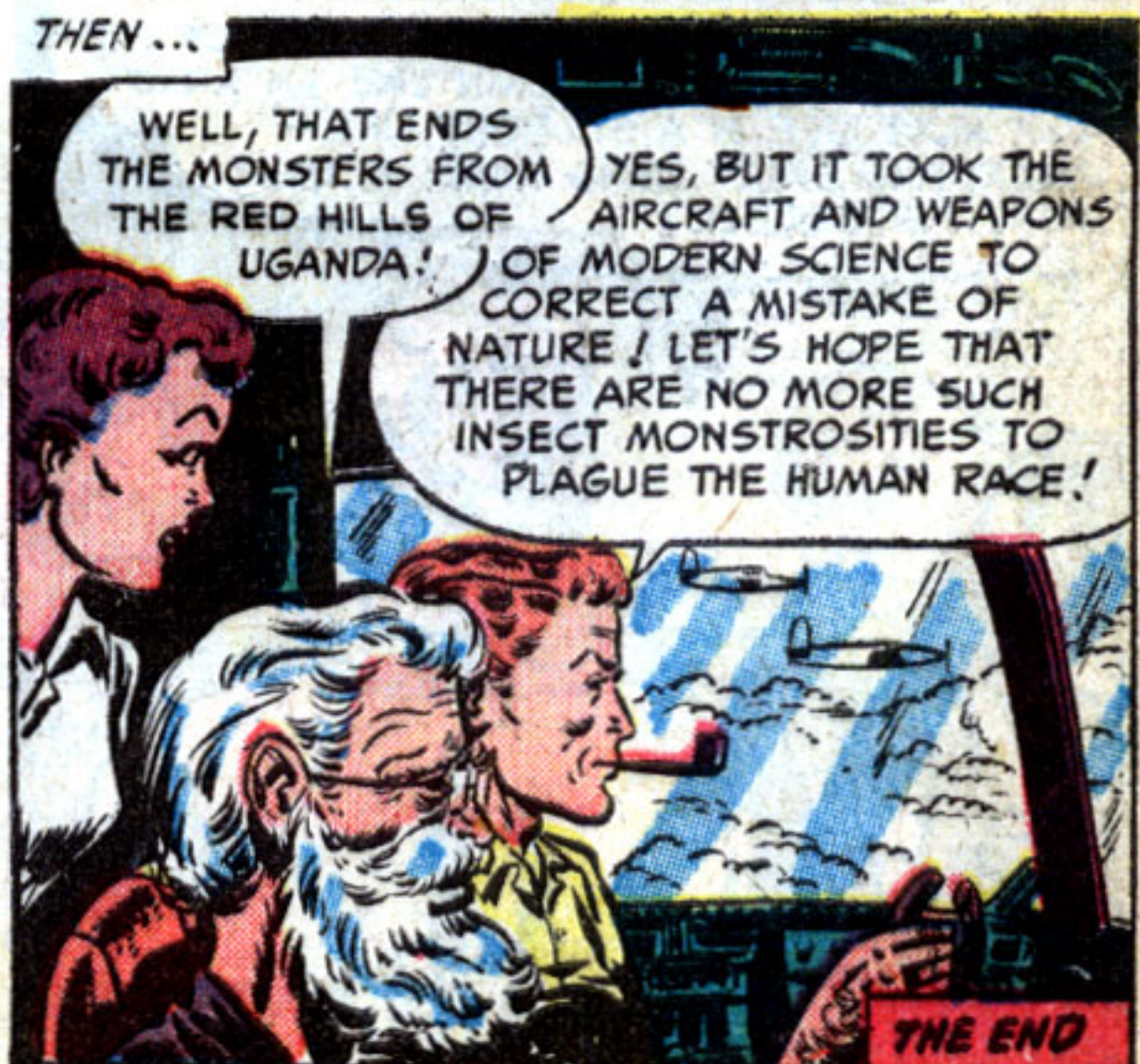
IN A FEW MOMENTS THE MONSTER ANTS ARE COMPLETELY ANNIHILATED! THE HELICOPTER KEEPS WATCH UNTIL THE FLAMES BURN OUT IN THE MOIST JUNGLE.



THEN...

WELL, THAT ENDS THE MONSTERS FROM THE RED HILLS OF UGANDA!

YES, BUT IT TOOK THE AIRCRAFT AND WEAPONS OF MODERN SCIENCE TO CORRECT A MISTAKE OF NATURE! LET'S HOPE THAT THERE ARE NO MORE SUCH INSECT MONSTROSITIES TO PLAGUE THE HUMAN RACE!



THE END

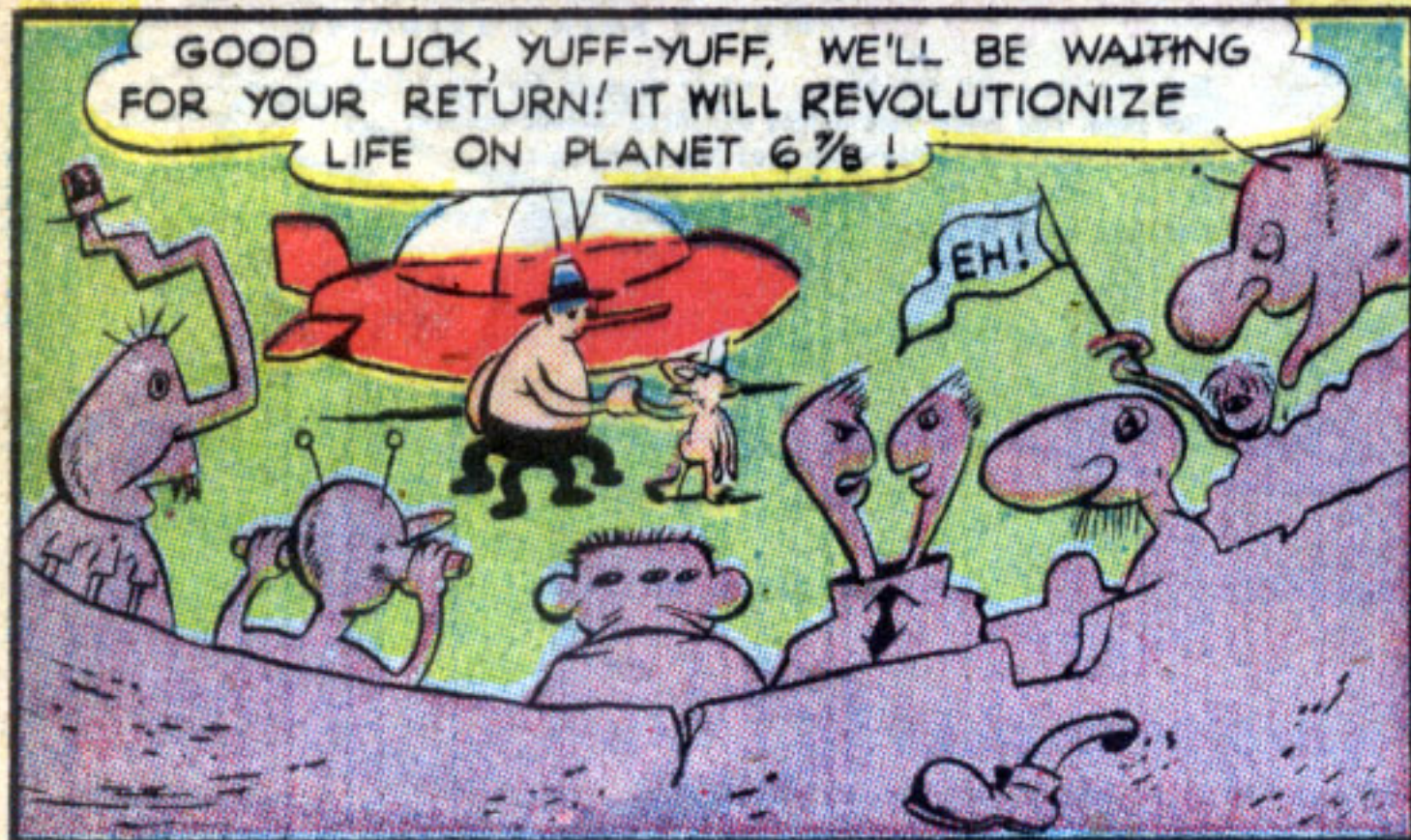




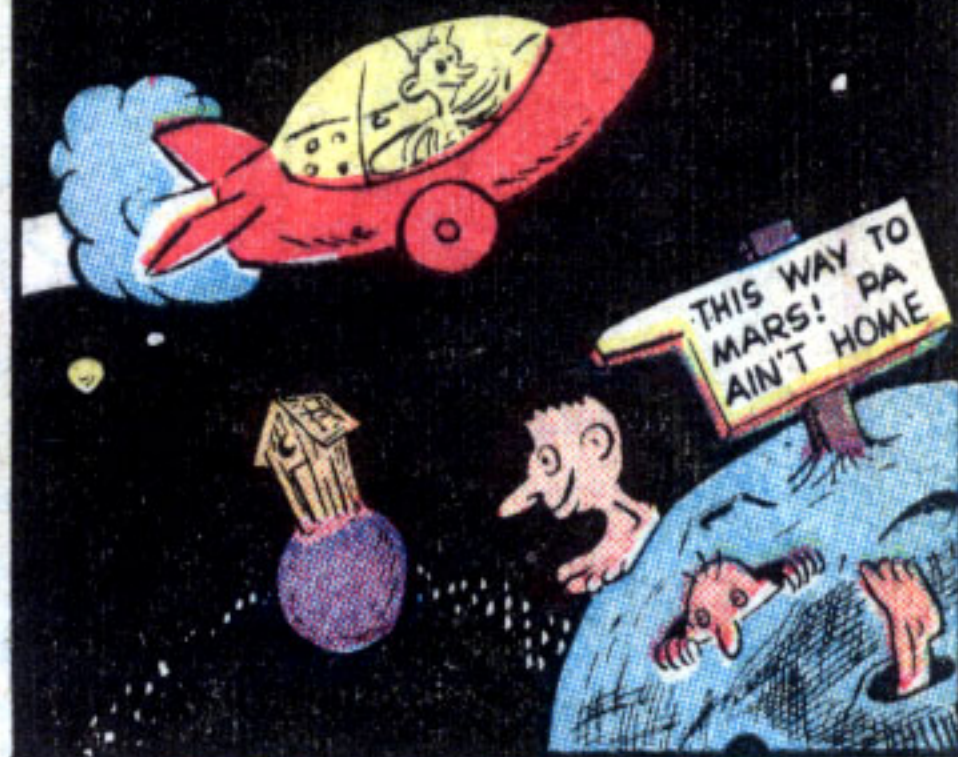
# YUFF-YUFF

BY DON PERLIN

GOOD LUCK, YUFF-YUFF, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR RETURN! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE LIFE ON PLANET 6 7/8!



I'M OFF! BOY, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I GET IT!

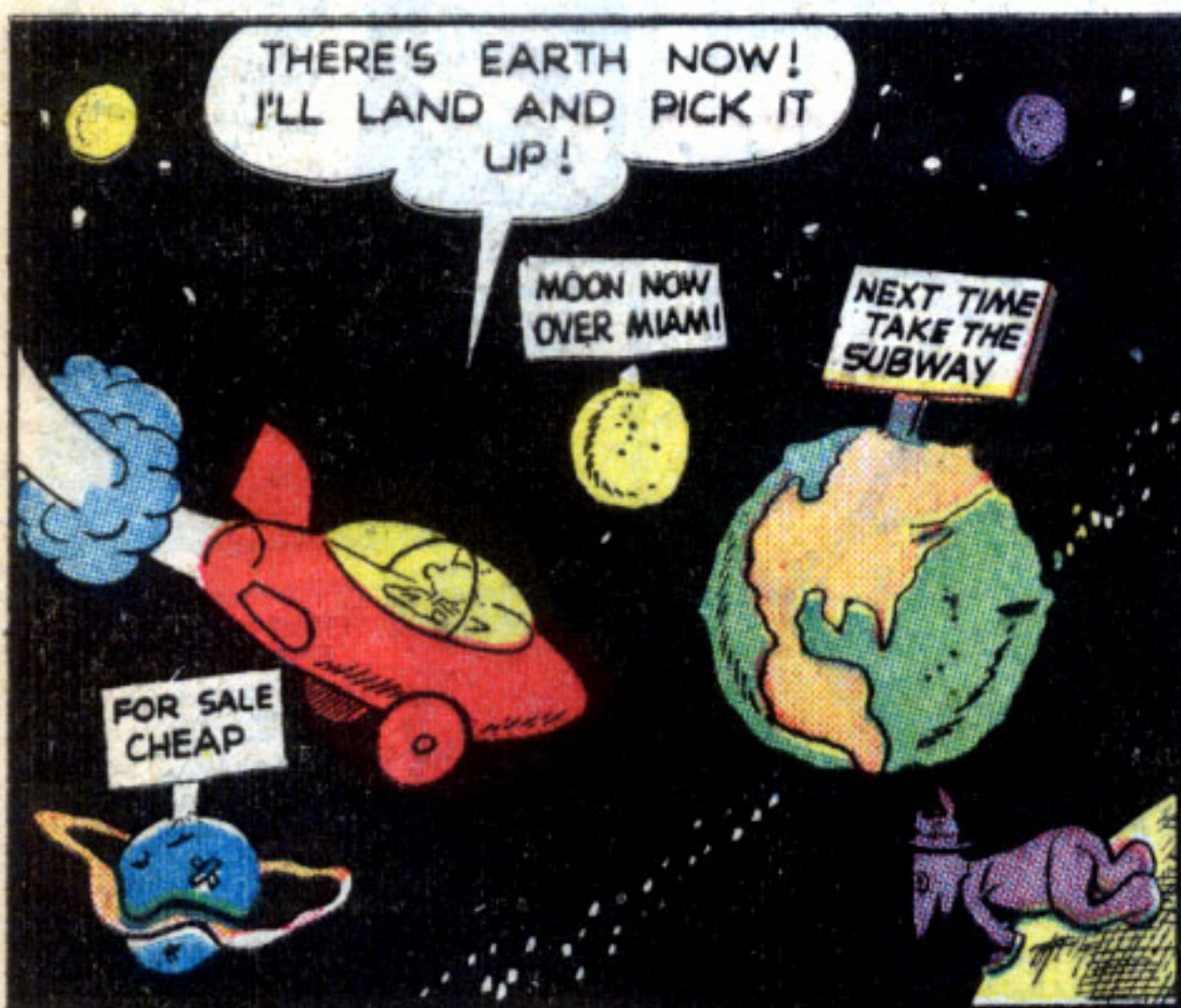


THERE'S EARTH NOW! I'LL LAND AND PICK IT UP!

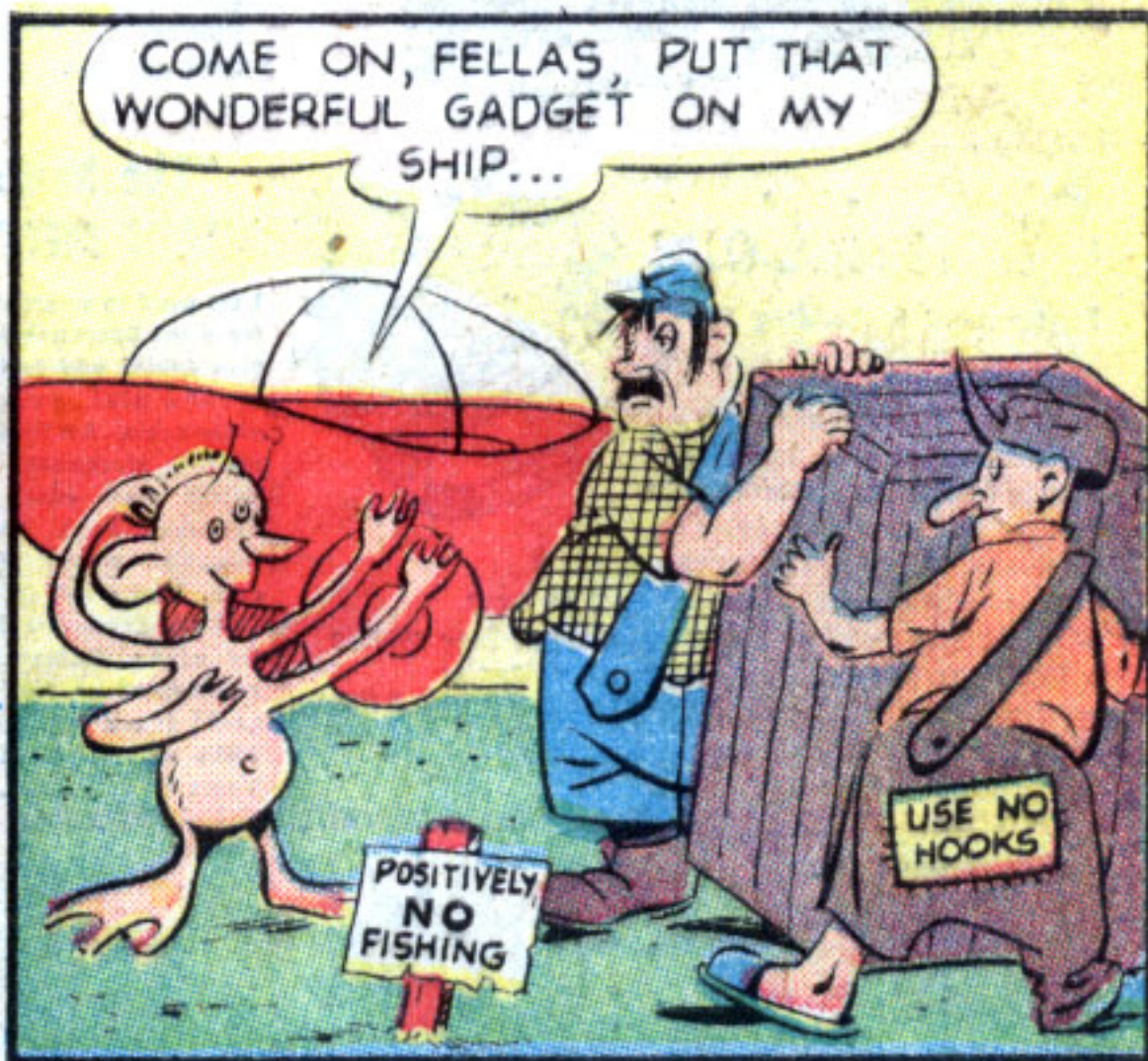
MOON NOW OVER MIAMI

NEXT TIME TAKE THE SUBWAY

FOR SALE CHEAP



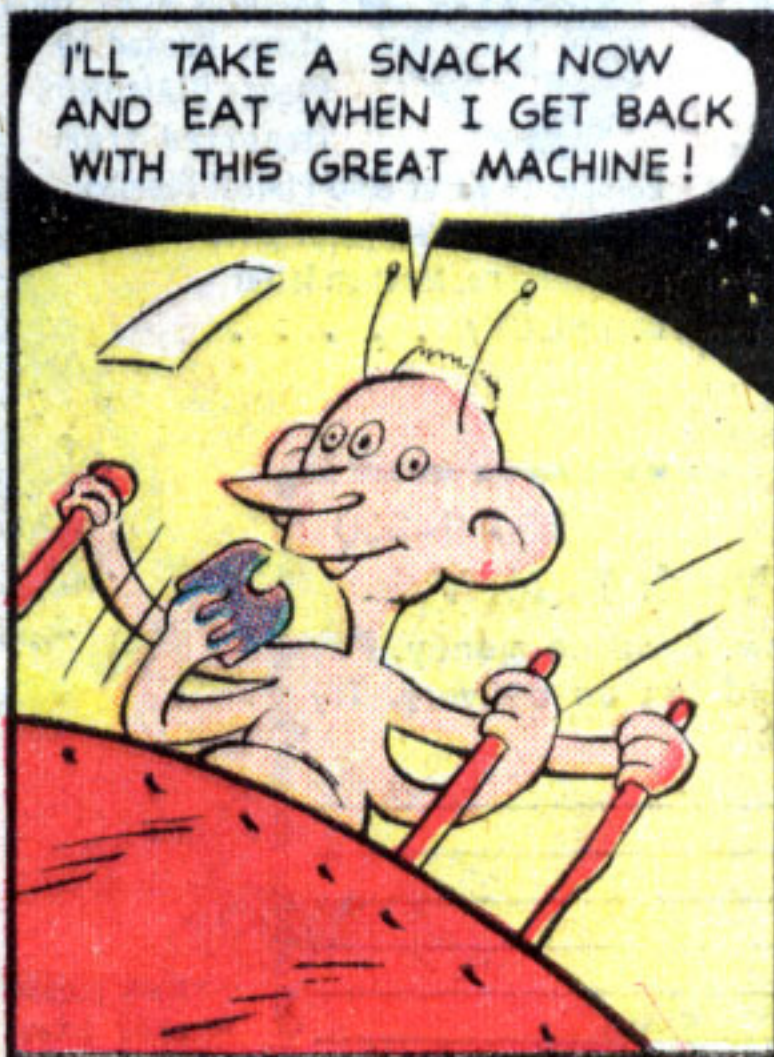
COME ON, FELLAS, PUT THAT WONDERFUL GADGET ON MY SHIP...



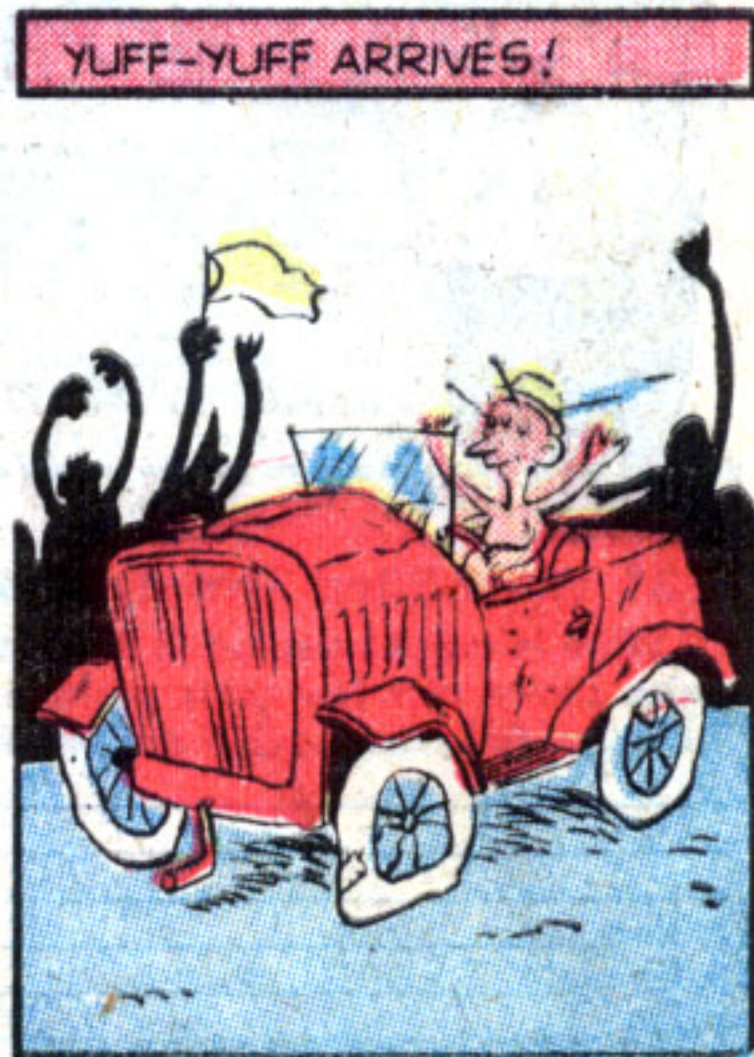
POSITIVELY NO FISHING

USE NO HOOKS

I'LL TAKE A SNACK NOW AND EAT WHEN I GET BACK WITH THIS GREAT MACHINE!



YUFF-YUFF ARRIVES!





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